

The 100 men who dominate Canadian business by Peter C. Newman
Beyond Women's Lib: Testimony on dropping out
Seven days in August that shook Canada's world by Walter Stewart

MARCH 1972

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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So what's Bruno Gerussi got that you haven't?—See page 32



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THE VIEW FROM OTTAWA

BY PATRICK WATSON

It is a brightly cold Saturday morning outside Lester Pearson's Rockcliffe home. Looking more rumpled than usual he sits inside a warm basement study surrounded by reminders of the country's highest office. The loose-knit white bushy eyebrows frame his eyes, a kind of postulated and weathered grace, this amidst a clutter of piled bro-scuffs and mementoes. A key to a city, some commemorative towels, a sword in a sheath, one large gold paper clip on a gold stand, a photograph of Mike with London, Mike with Bulgarians and Khrushchev, Mike with the Queen and, over there, Mike's favorite Duccio manuscript caresses of himself.

I had sent him some questions about being a liberal, whether the middle of the road was good enough any more, whether the Liberal Party was a liberal party, whether there was any real commitment in Canadian politics to ending poverty. Whether anyone was really on the side of the people. He had written out a set of answers, and this morning we're sitting here looking them over.

"Every political party," he had written, "is by definition and declaration against us, against justice, poverty and war." He had elaborated this point by writing that the situation in this Canada were the radicals who wanted to remake society now drink the cool, and the mainstream who "agree entirely in principle but..."

Now talking about what he had written he became personal very suddenly and said "Many young people—and not just young people either—simply can't connect

with the future we've stuck ourselves with. I have a 17-year-old grandson who would just like to lie down in the street. I can't blame him." He is obviously touched by his grandson's problem and broods a while before continuing.

"It's really the technological environment that determines what we do. It started when we built the internal combustion engine. We didn't know what we were doing. It's easy to know down an instant and start again. But a sky scraper... We've trapped ourselves in all these things we've built. The price we pay to keep on living with them is terrible.

"So some people look at all this, and they look at the nuclear threat, and they think we've come to the point where we can't escape our technology and maybe we've just destroyed life on this planet—and they can't contemplate a future like that."

And so there it is, exactly why the liberal balancing act just isn't good enough anymore. Radicalism has the liberal for his cool detached, rational response to horror. After one centuries of grappling with poverty, the gap between the rich and the poor is widening. People don't want the liberal answers any more, the Cool Trip.

But Pearson obviously doesn't agree that using the total power of the state to close that gap at once would be success-

ful or even desirable. There will always be a gap, he says, and the task of government is to see that those on the bottom are not starved or degraded or cruelly deprived.

"I would be impressed by a leader merely by his vocal alignment 'with the poor and their cause.' I would be impressed by action that established and guaranteed a foundation of justice.

"Unemployment can never be an 'acceptable' concomitant of any policy. If the choice was idealistic (it seldom is) and had to be made between inflation and unemployment, a liberal would choose the former and try to avoid the latter. But rationally you would try to remove both dangers by the kind of balanced policies that are so difficult to find and make effective."

But some don't contemplate the future. The sensible people, the ones who have accepted the future, agreed to keep things running, are the ones who won't show themselves that terrible awareness of a technologically determined future. Those who serve the liberal system, who keep on functioning, are the Cool Trippers.

In Ottawa it's not fashionable to care much about anything John Diefenbaker was not fashionable. His private enemies into power was not welcome in the halls of the bureaucracy, where the Cool Trip is much preferred and totally admired. They said it was because he was too erratic but it was really the conflict in style they didn't like. Dief was easily ruffled, they enjoyed being ruffled. Dief knew how to play all a ruff. They didn't, preferring, more ruffled by mistake, to pretend it hadn't happened. That's how you get through.

Blow a breath of millions to refit a useless old aircraft carrier? So cool is. Forget it. It happens. But a lot of people out of work to build refit—how do you do it? It happens. If you care, don't let anyone know. But best not to care because when everything you do is ruled by forces outside you, what your husband or parents or even pretending you're in charge, how can you assume if you let on it mattered?

The ultimate irony is that the Ottawa Cool Trippers, the Ottawa Cool Trippers, to make it function, the guys who have developed the Cool Trip to the point of impeccable grace, the survivors of the liberal system, are really dead. Death is the price of survival on the liberal Cool Trip.

It is the perfect, inseparable double bind. Mike Martin's story. When I first met him, Martin was a student leader at Simon Fraser University. He was the worst of 1968-69. A large group of radical students had been arrested when they occupied the administration building—, a tactic still fashionable in those days—and Loney, himself somewhat of a radical, was trying to get both sides to act temperately, trying to rescue him of consciousness.

When I saw him again two years later, he had just finished a long months work for the government in Ottawa, on a study of the consulting process between government and citizens. It was a depressing study; so many people felt that government meant nothing to them because they evidently meant nothing to government. But what was really getting Loney down was a growing conviction that the study itself was meaningless. It was worthless, he felt, to spend money finding out what we already knew. He was convinced that nothing would come of it. He felt a constant and deep



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"We thought we were in a peaceful village until we realized we were being stalked by the primitive Mudmen of New Guinea."

1 Anna and I always wanted to visit a little bit of Malabar to see one of their Sing Sing ceremonies. George Maynard tells us: "Our guide, Peter, refused to tell us exactly what the ceremony entailed, just to frighten the suspense a little. But we got more than we bargained for. We followed the

Anna flower into the New Guinea interior to a village where it was rumored that night as a Sing Sing. Sure enough, there were only women and children in the high. Peter said the men that he in the jungle preparing for the ceremony and wanted to look for them. A small I waited near the village.

2 Suddenly a lion roared and moved a heavy forest as my foot fraction was to grab Anna and run. But then I realized that we were being stalked by at least three warriors from all sides. They approached us slowly, carrying spears in a kind of menacing slow motion dance. When I took action we were done for. I spotted Peter taking pictures of the whole unbelievable thing. The Mudmen are highly unpredictable, and even Peter became disoriented.



3 Following a small herd of Mudmen to stop singing a girl called out with a cry: "A girl! A girl!" and we couldn't stop taking about our following with the Mudmen. Even most welcome was the sight of Canadian Club. "Smash us the end! Madmen are coming! For only as laughter is the way to a light enough for women get bold enough for men. The singing that is the best to the House." — B.J. Jinks

4 Back in Canada, a number of people were welcome a girl, and we couldn't stop taking about our following with the Mudmen. Even most welcome was the sight of Canadian Club. "Smash us the end! Madmen are coming! For only as laughter is the way to a light enough for women get bold enough for men. The singing that is the best to the House." — B.J. Jinks



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YOUR VIEW

and actually do something about the little people in our society, we might amount to something yet. But until we do we never will.
MAX BRATHWAITE, PORT CARLING, ONT.

• You have really surprised yourself in publishing Jane Calwood's entry, prejudiced and quite hypocritical about Canada and Canadians. There is no way I can let this go by without a reply, since I am one of her typical critic and not a Canadian.

I was one of the majority of Canadians who was in favor of the War Measures Act and nothing that has happened since has changed my mind. Were the circumstances to arise again, I would expect and welcome the same action by whoever was prime minister at the time. I really don't think that if every Canadian had said a little prayer or gone around the streets shaking the hand of everyone he met, it would have done much toward controlling the monstrous mood of that sad minority of people who were behind the bombings and murder in Quebec. I firmly believe that the harsh measures were necessary and sensible.

I don't know our teacher of the doctrine that I have met, who would teach a five-year-old for any reason. With our very active home-and-school system they wouldn't dare. These things may have happened 50 years ago, but in our present religious society teachers are just not like that. I don't believe anyone could call our schools "gals." They are training grounds for life, which is compassion from start to finish, and God help the young people if they don't learn that. Nobody is going to coddle them when they go out to make their living, and anything they do in school is doing them the world kind of disservice.

I don't believe that our mental health is any worse than that of any other country in comparable circumstances. The accurate is several times as great a general indication of the sickness of the times in which we live. I would also question Miss Calwood's statement that only the rich are treated in psychiatric wards of the general hospitals — the poor being sent off immediately to the mental institutions. Troubled people, rich and poor, are first treated in the general hospitals only if they are too far gone for mental treatment as they are committed.

As for the police, I don't know of one that I can imagine being up a helpless suspect, and certainly the idea of one of them driving his car at a "helpless underweight teenager" is unbelievable. The police I know are fair and impartial. They try to help in every

way they can, and I'm sure they are typical of most police. The same can be said for members of the judiciary and the legal system.

I am proud and grateful to be a Canadian. There is no place I'd rather be.
S. JENKINSON, WATFORD, ONT.

Sham is a dirty word

As a specialist in Canadian-American relations who has studied in depth the joint boards, committees and commissions that Canada and the United States utilize in the conduct of their bilateral relations, I seek to protect the carefully selected words and phrases which Walter Stewart deconstructs these organs seldom as "in large measure, a sham" — *All Canada Wants For Christmas Is Truth* (December). They constitute very efficient and numerous machinery for dealing with rising difficulties and even for calibrating negotiations (as, for example, in concerning the habitat and salmon fisheries of the North Pacific). True, Canadian news carry less weight than do American in the deliberations of the North American Air Defense Command. Nor is that surprising when the United States as recently as 1969 was providing 95% of the operations and maintenance costs of that organization and 92% of its personnel. But Canada risks it not by any means a purely passive one. As for the Intercontinental Treaty Commission, the International Boundary Commission, the three bilateral treaty commissions and the other agencies not concerned with defense matters, the procedure actually followed leaves no room for blame whatsoever to that decried by Walter Stewart.

WILLIAM R. MULLOCH, PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL SCIENCE, UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK, FREDERICTON

Bigger than a breadbox

I would like to ask, for a small driver. Perhaps you could identify this article. I have had it for about 20 years. It was in an old... continued on page 12



Your *View* columnist? I burn it to the ground. It was obviously used to print columns I thought I had written. Many of the letters have been torn out. But it is not even close to what it might have been used for. I would like to know what it was made to do and whether it is of any value.

W. A. WALSH, PARRY SOUND, ONT.

Ears that do not hear

Congratulations to Peter C. Newman for a splendid job since he took over as editor of *Montreal's* publication. I enjoy reading more and more. It has a Canadian personality all its own. If the January issue is a sample of what you have in store for us in 1972, then it would seem to me that your circulation growth is inevitable, thus giving our young writers an opportunity to articulate their viewpoints while providing in the over-35 age group with a chance to understand their needs and more — even when we disagree with their views, as I did in January with Ann Charney's assessment of the present social and political crisis of Quebec. May I respectfully suggest that separation and independence of Quebec from the rest of Canada is a dead issue in this province that the noise which seems to erupt from across from a small minority of people and false leaders who are not taken seriously by the core of our population. There are so many points in Mrs. Charney's column with which one could easily take issue. I'll mention only one, the public meeting held by the unions at the Forum where the writer "as thousands crowd estimated between 12,000 and 15,000 people gathered in a show of solidarity to express their determination to fight the greater repression on all fronts." A little more research would have disclosed that before that meeting was held over, the Forum was nearly empty and that Laborge, Chénier and company were talking to themselves while that "unhappy crowd" of bored young people had vacated down St. Catherine Street looking for a beer and a bit of fun. I certainly agree with Mrs. Charney that there is much to be done in Quebec as in other provinces to improve social conditions. But I submit that the old French province, *Antenne et Ciel* (Godwin still has guts).

FERMINO BILLORE, MONTREAL

Who's in charge, here?

The article *Down House No More* (January), concerning the struggle by the United Fishermen to gain recog-

nition as the bargaining agent for East Coast fishermen, was interesting and thought provoking. I think, however, that something should be added. Even though, as the article pointed out, Tony Douglas had given his support to the fishermen's fight, the NDP (that supposed friend of the working class, that stalwart of Canadian socialism) refused to have the issue even raised for discussion at the general sessions of its leadership convention last year in Ottawa.

I was a witness on these occasions when attempts were made to bring the issue before the convention at large. In the first instance, a petition rose from the audience and after getting recognition by the chairman, it was ruled out of order when it was determined what he wished to say. On another occasion the question was raised by a speaker from the audience. At this point Stephen Lewis, the NDP leader in Ontario, rushed on to the platform and spent the subject was ruled out of order. On the third occasion the subject had been passed out as part of a deliberate effort by the C.F.A.W. These, in turn, were countered by leaflets that vigorously represented the views of the *Canoe Kiosk* fishermen — but of this I cannot be sure, because those who were distributing the literature were quickly ordered from the building by security guards wearing Lewis' armbands.

It became clear to me at that convention that not only is the NDP more firmly in the hands of the labor unions than anyone might have suspected — which might, in itself, not be a satisfactory thing — but that it is firmly in the control of the *unions' unions*. As long as that situation continues, the NDP has no more right to assume the role of a Canadian unionist party than the Liberals, the Tories, or, indeed, the Social Credit, and it surely has no right to perpetuate the myth of greater democracy within the NDP than within the other parties.

T. O. J. STORIE, GUELPH, ONT.

The summer of '74

My first reaction on reading Christine Newman's *The New Year Of My Life And Other Lies* (January) was that she had gone back to a Bloomsington tone. After 41-15 years (added to 20) do not provide time for the really long-range view needed to assess the emerging situation. Nevertheless, I make pleasant reading to note her acquaintance of former professors — Nathaniel Pyle et al. — and it is gratifying to an older University of To-

ronto graduate to learn that her Victoria colleagues did, in fact, devote themselves seriously to the study of English literature. Mrs. Newman's many literary contributions reflect the value of that training. I have read her story twice.

My own experience of Bloomsington goes back to the 1950s, the 60s, and, more recently, the 50th class reunion of 1974 University College. We were a small group in honors chemistry at graduation, six in all. One of our two top graduates went into teaching, the other into industrial research, both did well. Of the remaining five, one rose to a position of importance in the federal government service, one became a prominent stock broker, one a publisher. The remaining one lived a hero's grave existence.

Why did we go to college? Two of us, I think, because of home and social pressures (it was the right thing to do). Two, I know, were permeated by their high-school science teacher to study chemistry and perhaps pursue the world with a new breakfast food or some other profitable product, and the one intent on teaching obviously knew what he needed to ensure success in the academic world.

The summer of 1914 offered few opportunities for employment of chemists. One of our class had what he considered to be a privileged site for reduction of costs in bread-making. He needed support for the development of his idea and suggested to several managers that he might do the necessary research work in the summer. And at the same time learn the practice of bread-making by working in his plant. No bread-makers as whom he called were interested. The other members of our class went to find jobs as fire rangers and some to work as farm help in western Canada. But in the end, they all found bread to climb in the chemical field.

I found I was the only member of our small class at such of the time Bloomsington. I have extended. But the pleasure of living in residence, making the acquaintance of classmates from other fields of study, seeing new developments, and even the joy of listening to "the girl who conducted our campus hour, firmly rejecting facts about the new Michael Breckinridge etc. made it worthwhile. I hope Mrs. Newman will not be discouraged by my first visit, and that she may live to see my many subsequent Bloomsingtons — but perhaps they should be speeded out a bit.

WINIFRED J. COOK, OTTAWA

continued on page 43

Last year, the Martins set out their vacation in Fairhaven, Mass.

(It rained and it wasn't cheap)

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Q: Are all the children in orphanages? A: No, some live with biological mothers, and through CCF Family Helper Projects they are encouraged to stay at home, rather than enter an orphanage.

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a few weeks after you become a sponsor. You receive your child's original letter, plus no English translations, direct from the host or project overseas.

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Q: What type of project does CCF support overseas? A: Besides the orphanages and Family Helper Projects CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care centers, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

Q: What help does the child receive from my support? A: In countries of great poverty, such as India, your gift provides (or supports) for a child in other capacities your sponsorship gives the children health, food, clothing, and many other types of projects.

Q: What goes and supports CCF? A: Christian Children's Fund is an independent, non-profit organization, registered by a national Board of Directors. CCF cooperates with both church and government agencies, but is completely independent.

Children on our emergency list this month live in Brazil, Hong Kong, Taiwan (Formosa), India, Philippines, Korea, Mexico.

INSIDE MACLEAN'S

There have been magazine editors who thought they should do much of their time reading manuscripts that reflect the clothes of the American ideal and desiring that out there in the Christian community must be real people, listening to the heart of the heartland and writing about it in authentic prose.

Every once in a long while this fan boy carries true and the editors to carry such a manuscript and are able to publish it with something close to proximity and in we do with David S. Lewis' article about politics in a small American town which began as page 30 of this Maclean's.

David Lewis is who's called in this trade a natural writer, that is he has not climbed the snake ladder of success, he's been dead, unattainable, multi-Chinese lunatic and literary laughing purist. He lives in Bridge town, N.S., the same Atlantic City town he's been in and come back to after getting himself a degree at Acadia University and six years' experience working in a bookstore in Montreal. He writes about people he knows, "rough boys sitting where their mothers sit" people who have gladdened his life and threatened his birth, and made him into what he's become. Which is a full-time, crack, non-stop weekly newspaper columnist, CBC radio broadcaster, assistant and above all teacher at Latin and English at the Bridgetown Regional High School.

As far as we can make out he's beloved by his students in a way most legacy teachers have lost the feel for. Who else do you know who's been given a genuine slapdash job named Hain by his grade 12 Latin class? I never cease to wonder 'he wrote us in a letter describing his job, "let the ingenuity of kids. Once in an English grammar class, I gave them a task on using specific words instead of general ones. When it came time to give their essays a public reading, one little guy stood up and read out his title "My Dog." Stop. I started. Be specific. What kind of dog? He cleared his throat and started again. "My Dog." I had no choice but to give him an A."

And we have no choice but to recognize David Lewis as a writer not out of our ratings, rural past but out of our good and every present. ■

If your smile is painted on... this message is for you.

A painted smile may fool other people, but it doesn't fool you. That's a better way. If you'd like to add more meaning to your life, if you'd like to be a better person, if you'd like to be a better person, please read it.

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Reach the Way Today

THE WEEK OF THE GREAT ULTIMATUM

BY WALTER STEWART

Seven days in August in which Richard Nixon taught us two words — surcharge and gloase



Open 'er up and see what she can do.

Open the front where most
corpsed sedans store an engine.

You'll find our Type 3 stores
luggage.

Open the rear where most
Volkswagens store an engine.

You'll find our Type 3 stores
luggage.

Where's the engine?
Underneath the rear trunk.
For better traction!

Where's the carburetor?
There isn't any carburetor.
Instead, our fuel-injected en-
gine uses a 117cc computer to
measure out only the gas you ab-
solutely need. (About 1 gallon for
every 31 miles!)

What you won't have any
trouble finding are the front disc
brakes. They're up front as standard
equipment on every single Type 3

we make.

And there's no problem find-
ing the gears.

Since our slick shift is synchro-
mesh, you can go through speeds
1, 2, 3, and 4 as easily as 1, 2, 3.

And with its 66 hp engine, the
Type 3 will cruise all day at 84 mph.
But don't take our word for it.
Close 'er up and see what she
can do for yourself.

There are events in the life of every country more significant in form than content. Long after they have been cafted from the headlines by the passage of time and the unfolding of subsequent events, we remember them not for what they were — a pipeline debate, a cabinet minister's romantic indiscretion — but for what they revealed about ourselves. Such an event was the surcharge crisis of August, 1971.

In May, 1956, when the House of Commons exploded over an \$80-million loan to a U.S.-controlled pipeline company, we learned about the corruptive influence on a political party of too much power, too long enjoyed. Ten years later, when the name Gerda Munzinger reverberated through the corridors of parliament, we learned about the petty human antagonisms that exist barely suppressed among even the most elevated political adversaries. And during the seven tumultuous days that followed President Richard Nixon's announcement last August that his government intended to take steps to strengthen the American economy which would seriously weaken our own, we discovered a new truth about our "special relationship" with the United States.

It was not a reassuring revelation. We learned that the trading rules by which we live, and on which the health of our economy so greatly depends, could be suspended abruptly and unilaterally by the American President and that there was little our own government could do to restrain. As it turned out, the Americans eventually found other solutions to their economic problems, and although we agreed to bargain on some key issues — removing the safeguards on the Canada-U.S. auto-trade pact, purchasing American defense equipment, removing the duty-free exemption for Canadian tourists returning from the United States — we seem to have emerged from the crisis relatively unscathed. Still, if our economy remains intact so, too, is the vulnerability that was revealed during the seven days of August 13 to 19. Our relationship with the United States is exactly as it was then: what can never

be the same is our perception of that relationship.

Here is what happened day by day, dated by detail, during the week of the Great Ultimatum — and what it revealed about where Canada stands.

FIRST DAY. Just after 3 p.m. on Friday, August 13, a long black limousine pulled up to the isolated ramp entrance of the White House in Washington. A door opened and presidential speech writer William Safire and presidential economic adviser Herbert Stein scuttled out of the building and into the car. It rolled down Executive Avenue and onto Pennsylvania, on the road to Annapolis naval base, where a helicopter was waiting to lift the pair 65 miles north to Camp David, the President's Catholic Mountain retreat in Maryland. Since helicopters often take off directly from the White House lawn, it seemed to Safire a peculiar way to travel and he wanted to know, politely, what the hell was going on. Stein told him solemnly, "This could be the most important weekend in economic history since May 4, 1953." That was the day Franklin Delano Roosevelt had unlearned his New Deal. Safire was duly impressed.

He remained so two hours later, when he walked into the living room of Aspen, the President's cottage at Camp David, where Nixon, in a soft-blue sports jacket, sat surrounded by all his top economic advisers. On his right was John Connolly, the hard, handsome new Secretary of the Treasury, a man, according to White House gossip, Nixon not only respected but held in awe. Next to Connolly was Arthur Burns, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board — the U.S. equivalent of the Bank of Canada — and an outspoken critic of the unsifted economic policy that in vogue. George Shultz, chief of the budget bureau and architect of Nixon's hard-on-the-economy policy, sat there, so were Paul McCracken, then chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, Casper Weinberger, Shultz's deputy, Paul Volcker, Connolly's deputy, and presidential aide Pete Peterson, H. R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman. Suddenly the

(Continued on page 66)

The Volkswagen Type 3

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ANNE LONG OF GORDON'S BEACH, BC

BY ANNA BANANA

Home is where the good ideas take you

There comes a point in every life when the world seems so alien that you begin to look for an escape route out. The most porous, the simplest to escape, the pipes, the rockwork, the wild straws, at Kootenai and while one of us sits in one heart has some strange plans, even realistic ones? That is, give up the job at the grocery and buy that farm, write that book someday, sail around the world, back to and follow the street's call. Very few, very few. On the following pages fresh winds from the heartland! Two women who, having laid it, got out once and for all. So far your hearts out, gentlemen. And while you're up get another Bunch

All right, so who's Anne Long? That's me, born in Victoria in 1940. Grew up there. Moved to Vancouver in the spring of '81, married that summer and became a teacher. Got pregnant. Stayed home for two years with my child and personally documented Tangle art at Mount Pleasant Elementary School but was "moored" from that school after the first year by the school board in order "that I might establish the desired disciplinary image." The next year, at Hastings School, I read the line a little more, got less involved with the kids enjoyed it less, got my permanent teaching certificate and quit.

Then came the New School, Vancouver's own expensive independent progressive school. I taught at the New School for the better part of three years, but "drop-out" after spending five days of the Easter recess doing a workshop at Eskalen Institute in Big Sea, California. Something happened to me during my stay at Eskalen, and five days after my return to Vancouver came the decision to quit teaching, marriage, motherhood, to go back down there and find out just what it all was. It was hard to leave, particularly my child, but it felt a lot like survival. On the first of May 1989, I left Vancouver in my newly acquired Volkswagen bus, with no idea of what story would unfold.

Two days after my arrival at Eskalen, during which time I worked in the garden, I was hired as a breakfast and lunch cook. It was new work to me, but relatively a breeze after 11 years of home cooking. I cooked for seven months then took two off, on account of having some difficulties with American immigrant authorities while on a visit north. Then I became the "laundry lady," and for the next eight months ran a two-washer, two-dryer laundry room which

also became my bath studio (bath, incidentally, is in her domain, incidentally, of hand-painting teak) as well as a "free store" of abandoned and clothes, books, shoes and necessities too numerous to mention. It became known as the "Alain's Restaurant of the Laundry Basement" and attracted the patronage of residents up and down the coast, not just Eskalen, still and guests. However, I got a little tired of being laundry, and in September gave up the laundry room to become a waitress, having spent the previous few months learning the art. In October I spent four weeks in Eskalen's Resident Program, a four-month program in trans group leaders. My first weeks was long enough to demonstrate that this was something I did not wish to become, and I went happily back to my menial work.

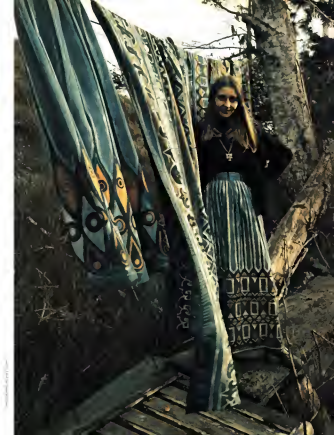
Along with these "occupational" activities I spent a great deal of time drawing, reading, thinking. I examined my views and feelings from a new perspective, trying to find out just exactly who the hell I was. I drew more. I came to know a rather joyous being friends often referred to as Anna Banana. I learned to play a flute, and even let myself sing a little at parties. I came to like myself.

Tired before Christmas, 1990, I left Big Sea to come back to Canada. I started out here living in my father's home where at Shawanaga Lake, a much more desolate locale than Eskalen where I've come to live since. The first thing I did there was prepare my work, drawings and books I had done in Big Sea, for a showing in the Mary Frazee Gallery in Vancouver.

After the show was over (I made the grand sum of \$37) I settled into my schedule of two days per week in Victoria, as free-lance waitress in a local cafe to earn me a meagre living, with the other five being spent in the blizzard waterline silence-top-snow-run of the Shawanaga Lake cabin. There, I heated with wood in a wonderful old stand-up wood heater — Donjonac, Circulator — with multi-glass windows in the door of the firebox, and cur-

ried my water in from the lake in buckets (the pump system being shut down on account of winter freezing). In that peaceful, beautiful place, I spent many long hours producing a considerable quantity of beautifully unstable bottles and fishers.

Then spring started setting in and the family was wanting to use the cabin, so I was off and running, horse hoofing. I knew it had to be very cheap, and it had to be on the water. What I found was a \$35-a-month suspect's special, perched at the very edge of Gordon's Beach with an expensive view is both delicious, oases our finest, edged with Olympic mountains along the bottom. / continued on page 46



THE LIBERATION OF FLORENCE JULIEN OF BRIGHAM, QUE.

BY FLORENCE JULIEN

Home is the choice you make about yourself

You couldn't call me a dropout from the affluent society, because I never was in it. By temperament I am not a housewife but a poet—and you know what that means.

In 1920 my husband and I separated, and I was left at age 16 with three young children to bring up. Total income: \$70 per month. Since I was a newcomer to the American scene—I married a French Canadian in England and came here after the war—I did not know the ropes. Having no relatives here to fall back on and no one to help me find a house, I had to get what shelter I could for our small family. Always a great lover of nature, I finally managed to persuade a farmer in Brigham, Quebec, to rent me an abandoned shack on his land for seven dollars a month.

Brigham is a tiny village, about 250 people, three miles from Adamsville, which is half way between Montreal and Sherbrooke. Adamsville is a farming parish of 120 families. Fifty years ago it was half and half English and French, having been founded by the Adams family who owned the biggest farm in the area. Today, but for myself and one or two others, it is entirely French. My landlord, the farmer who rented us the shack, was a French Canadian who was very gregarious, having inherited two rich farms from his thrifty father. His grandfather founded the parish. There was no water or plumbing, and in winter snow swept through the walls and frost lay on the floor. But I was able to get to a fire church, run a pump and there I picked up some used bar quills for a dollar apiece and they did well as protective drapery on the walls and eys on the floor. At a sale I found a zinc boiler in which to pack snow to make water. Having no piped-in water—and in winter no access to a well—it was necessary for us to melt snow for washing purposes. For drinking water I went to the farmhouse and got a pailful of their fresh spring water.

Life was not too bad. I had read in an old book somewhere that what counts is not the number of your possessions but the attitude of mind you bring to them. My first guess was to be ignored was written in that shack, standing on a chair to keep my feet off the frozen floor, in a temperature of 30 below zero. But the act of creation so enthused and warmed me that I hardly noticed the cold. We heated the shack with an old wood-burning stove that gave out a cozy crackle. Though I had a supply of dry

wood such as I never had quite enough to last out the long winter and then we had to bust through the woods, wading through deep snow looking for frozen dry branches of elm, beech, maple. Maybe all the hard effort of digging snow to melt it and wood-burning (though I groaned at it at the time) kept us healthy. I know I never had a minute to feel sorry for myself, all my efforts, sweat, tears, were expended in just creating.

For many years we lived like this. Food was cheap and simple: oatmeal porridge with brown sugar and milk, wild blackberries and raspberries in late summer, which I preferred to make delicious jams for the winter. The landlord let me top 10 of his sugar maple trees in March when the sweet sap runs—so that I made our own maple syrup on the old kitchen stove; it was fit for the gods.

That old wood stove had a good oven so I made our own bread, too, with sour milk or whey which I got from our landlord, cheaply. I invented my own recipe, using stone-ground whole wheat flour. The result was a rich, starchy and satisfying bread which went well with our home-made maple syrup, the syrup of course was 100% pure sap, not a drop of water or sugar added. During the maple-tapping season—two or three weeks toward the end of March—the children and I had to keep saving from time to time to catch every precious drop of that sap so that none should be lost.

Back in England I had an aunt and cousins who wondered much at the virginal way we were living. In a very letter they convinced me to move to the city, get an office job, place the children in an institution "where they would be warmer" and where they would have at least running water. But I told them I was not made for city life. I would have choked to death in dark streets. Nor was I made for the rush-to-five routine. I am a writer and live in a wintery way—not exactly Bohemian but a way where you suddenly hop off

your step ladder, where you've been perched wiping the smoke black off the ceiling, to get down on all fours. The people who live all around are Irish and Scotch, and their houses are spick and span and gleam with polish. Even with 19 children breathing snow in and out these French housewives manage to keep their houses spotless and looking like the ads for floor polish in *Chateaux*. Their perfection is my despair—I could never get a house looking like that—but they have an innate gift for orderliness and neatness. I work hard and when the mood comes on me, maybe at five in the morning, inspired by what the Greeks called *psycho-epiphany* down, or maybe till I continued on page 57



YOU HAVE TO GO HOME AGAIN

BY JACK LUDWIG

How else are you going to know that Winnipeg is still the Main Street of your mood?

Your hometown is your hometown, like the bag a first business keeps one foot on no matter how far he stretches. Nobody else can know the hometown you know, which is as private as the cultural elephant has to keep their hidden heads to keep their heads from seeing. If anyone comes searching for your particular hometown, of course, he'll never find it and will conclude you're harboring peculiar delusions. What's all this Winnipeg mystique? I hear from pretty sophisticated people all over, and their eyes glaze a little deeper, a little heart, maybe even a little resentment. It's a small city like any other small city, which I always hear in "What's this Winnipeg Wall? A Winding Wall like any other Winding Wall?"

Every couple of years I go back home because I want to, because there are great people in my town, and because at physical reality is like a huge pulse whose every throbline and tremor I know as well as my own. It's the city I grew up in, went to school and university in, began to sing and write in.

When you don't live in your hometown, as I don't, going to Winnipeg is to show you the Big Change issue you were born into. Usually the guide is some once-tossed glad-hand. He drives me to a stretch of Main Street where, when I first saw it, pawnshops and second-hand joints abounded, packed with wrinkled old clothes, synthetic fur, pocket-watch necklaces, strapless bangs, pig-footed accessories, hot and cold watches, hot and cold hyperdials. They're still there, but they're not what he's pointing to. Nor does he select the flophouse, the gypsy drive, the fog-washed hotels, the going head-quarters of the all-but-disappeared Communist Party or the spots still or once occupied by movie "houses" with great names like the Starline, Colonial, Regent, Beacon, Bryant, which all played, when I was growing up, the same Tom Gibson or Tony Mix news — or Tuzza



The guide pushes my face toward some pedestrian concrete pile misreading this or that, a spout of fountain, a bathroom of stone steps, a trolley of fagots and dogs. "Well, what do you think?" he says, looking. Four o'clock doesn't understand. About Main Street and me. He could have on the Taj Mahal on Main Street, coupled with Buckingham Palace, surrounded by Mad Square, and Main Street would still be Main Street.

More? He could lock up every Green-ban beer parlor and bar, tear down every pagoda, knock, strike life into the Royal Alexandra Hotel so it rises from its boarded-up rubble to become a youth hostel, a hippie dormitory or a home for senior citizens, and Main Street would still be Main Street. What? He could go so far as to fill in the advertising dip in the subway used to duck skating over a road CPR train. He could cry. Or suggest the Exchange Club wall, Main? He could rise the forlorn-lepped drunks into some far reach of town, lock up the goose-eye street where, across all the misreadings on the men's room wall, miraculously change the hotels' newspapers on the hanging room yachts to Rolling Stones and John Dylan collector's items. Less? He could convert every bubble Mayor Juba into some kind of silent meditation form — and still Main Street would be Main Street.

Urban renewal breeds such incredible delusions. Does my guide really believe saving down the old city hall that looked like a gingerbread park pavilion at Victoria rail-road station removed at Liverpool? Doesn't he know that once Winnipeg's tallest bank of glassy concrete, the Richardson Building, the old Dominion Theatre has nothing? Some dark night an old going and I might excavate and exhumate, just to prove the obvious point that the old drift theatre opens still does imaginary underground. Nothing's sacred, right? One of those days someone will try to catch Golden Boy off the "Penthouse" Building

and leave the capitol's old dome exposed, severely bald, obscenely naked. When that happens, no Winnipegger will believe it. As for Golden Boy, he doesn't really read that damn job any more. He's diversified into postcards, pens, caps, official stenography, notepaper and ready's eyes.

Urban renewal pushes never learn from experience. They bashed the old City Market from north Main, but what truck gardener or old horse left for that stuff? Was one single Menominee food? Or anyone who knows what farmer's market tastes like, or eggs four hours old, or butter hand-charmed and scintillating crystal globes? My old neighbors Mr. Beyczek and Mrs. Brisky weren't fooled.

Mr. Beyczek was a stoker, a fireman in the municipal hospital, King George and Princess Elizabeth, where we used to stash away people with catchy diseases. Cool gave way to ed and Mr. Beyczek's job ended a bit. His first I miss. Because Mr. Beyczek was never with the city, though he was. In his heart of hearts Mr. Beyczek has always been a genius at growing things. In the Ukraine, where he was born, that meant growing that. So what did he use if Winnipeg had winters longer than a woman's normal pregnancy? Or that lack sweating T-shirt? He had up delicate plant-life branches, or wet snow gathered all something tough but fragile, had to grow. Mr. Beyczek was ribbons for his Continental rubber tyre. I learned with grapes and apples and plums and pears — as great a miracle as growing Darwin wheat in the middle of the Sahara. So if someone comes searching for my hometown Winnipeg and doesn't meet Mr. Beyczek, how can he know the town?

And Mrs. Brisky, whose house played left wing on a line with ours at centre and Mr. Beyczek's on right wing. Who would have the lottery luck to find Mr. Brisky? Just as the old City Hall is still there, in spite of what some people think, so I — in spite of all my years away from the street — still live next door, still "Jackie."

I spend a lot of time second-guessing and other insecure institutions. Looked away in such places one sometimes starts to think intelligence a function of schooling. Mrs. Brisky has had little schooling. But using yours to see I'll let you in on some of her reflections.

On cancer-insuring smokers: "How come, fuckin', then they give the people something, and then they say it makes the cancer?" They couldn't find out first what makes cancer, and then, if it didn't, give it to the woman being?"

On TV, newspaper, government advertisement: "They so dumb they think we so dumb to believe everything?"



On Trudeau: "He always drives so slow, only I don't believe he's going to do much."

But not everything in the old town has that reassuring solidity. Winnipeg is still much like an assembly line, a conveyor belt on which boxes of apples are laid so that a constant number stay in the storage shed, and a constant number pulled off at the other end. People come in from farms and small towns, new immigrants trickle in new arrivals, American draft laws and railway involvement account for a slightly uneven flow and around the universities (of Manitoba — my alma mater — and Winnipeg, formerly United College). The number coming in is more than balanced by those leaving for Vancouver, Los Angeles, or Phoenix, Toronto, Montreal, Edmonton, Calgary. Using the rail gateway to the west may only mean lots of people just pass through and keep on going.

In many ways, too, Winnipeg shares the fate of other small cities on the continental seaboard that fit into a kind of business system — New York number one by a million light-years in the USA, then San Francisco, L.A., Chicago, Toronto and Montreal for ahead of the pack in Canada, and then Vancouver, and Calgary, Edmonton, Winnipeg reaching for entrance. News and training and practice trail slowly in the continental pecking order. Shock treatment is dumped in New York, questioned in Toronto and Montreal, still the rage in places like Winnipeg. Near-psycho-analysis who couldn't hold tight, don't rock the boat" are but one of many points of view in the big towns, to be countered and questioned by people counselling burn-out or change-everything. By the time the countermove actually starts in places like Winnipeg, it's possible that some entirely new understanding may exist

shelving. Observations like this make people unhappy. Winnipeg justifies its status as the local province's sin trail and stable, and out of touch with new risks.

I have to say more: complex subjects arrive in the old hometown simplified and sometimes unchallenged. People in Winnipeg still talk about LSD or related substances "blowing your mind" when, in the ghetto where all the "art" starts, people are sick of "blowing your life." Unquestioned connections between drugs and art and new perception hit you, during discussions with students, as points of view you haven't heard elsewhere for several years now. In Winnipeg, also, some kids even take Timothy Leary seriously. In Winnipeg, also, parents who used to be outraged for the old boom-vibe but pass over what could pitch for speed and sleeping up as "lifestyle" they're too stupid or established to "do it."

As the University of Manitoba I studied the students in a question period by saying I saw absolutely no connection between drugs and art, that I knew of no poet or painter or musician who had been made in a vital by drugs, that the next time they came across a great novel or poem or piece of sculpture produced by "expanding the frontiers of consciousness" and "mind expansion" and all those other phrases we used to hear without embarrassment several years ago, they should write me. On later talk, Timothy Leary, who should be the first to know.

Away from the university other strange points of view, new to me, much more intense versions of things I had heard before, made me wonder. I spent a lot of time in clubs, most of it silent, listening the drums of the bluing it could have been in Georgia or Mississippi—Georgia White country, in fact. Hearing some of the party poets on Main Street the subway spoke to me in the comfortable case one sees when one's out the liner it's getting what he wants to hear.

If it was up to me, I'd live those blues up and down. Break all day long. Hearing VD into it [I] I hear the police really work them over when they find them pined out on the sidewalks. We get visitors from the east and from the States—we should look 'em all up. Slip 'em out to restaurants—cups—anyway it's us people don't have to look at them or breathe their person. It's glad I'm in the company that don't usually take calls five far north. Our clients go to the Water Club, private parties in the big houses. You never got to be afraid of catching anything from them.

This sort of thing isn't worth a trip home, but it's a way of expanding the frontier of consciousness. What is worth the trip, and clearly so you've had unusual doses of the generous anti-Miss statement, are the signs of sweetness, talent, imagination and energy in Premier

Ed Schreyer's three-year-old government. Ed Schreyer's people were familiar to me, not only because I knew some of them personally but because I recognized in them the same earnestness and eagerness I found in John Kennedy's men in 1960. Here, for certain, were people who knew that only by being part of the solution can you avoid being part of the problem. Like Jack Kennedy, Ed Schreyer is a political man who knows political action starts with being elected. Some NDPers don't go far victory, having learned to love only lost causes.

Not that a vigorous young governor can erase lifelong signs that Winnipeg is just another town extended northward from the American Midwest, the middle of righteousness. 18,000 people had responded to a newspaper ad asking the provincial government to record its invitation to John Lennon and Yoko Ono for Manitoba's Canadian celebrations, the cops had cracked down on a poster that featured a roll of toilet paper.

Yet here's old Winnipeg, in 1972, the first city on the North American continent to have a unified one-day government congress with community consultation and participation. It's called the central city concept and when it came in with the new year it brought 12 municipalities together and increased the population of its home town to more than 415,000, making it Canada's fourth-largest city.

So Winnipeg's not so pretty, apparent—if it ever was. In fact, one look at an smug, three-bean-soup-drag prince brought from a self-everything gallery about the Canadian Midwest is all that needed. Right near a tourist information office (looking like a plaster-of-paris white robed priest with wavy hair) that brought those posed—with ungraciously staggered ones of newly cut shaved

heads of crowned; head-up shields still bearing letters from the roofs as though snow giant had tipped them free of the northward. It's a temporary, narrow, walled, and hooded lane machinery, empty cattle cars, grain-storage boxes with doors wide open on inner drawers, and last, and most recently last, that signature to all private things, the tiny little unchanged selfish obsession, with somebody of course is it, professionally wrong. Then out of sight again, as if the whole lot were a morning. Winnipeg dream.

It won't, though. It's like the old City Hall and Golden Boy and the new premier, it's part of the hometown reality. Like everyone else, resident or stranger, I have to shake it out from time to time, just to make sure it's still real. ■

Jack Lauby is a Winnipeg novelist, short-story writer and playwright of controversial criticism. He has published two novels: *Confessions* and *Above Ground*.

THE BANKERS

PART TWO



The \$50-billion underlying, photographed for the first time at one of their three-year meetings with Bank of Canada Governor Louis Arsenault are the heads of Canada's chartered banks, representing the greatest financial power in the country. Standing from left: E. J. McLaughlin, chairman of the Royal, J. P. A. Wedderburn, president of the Commerce (Building for Chairman Neil McInnes), Allen T. Lambert, chairman of the Toronto-Dominion, P. W. Austin, president of the Mercantile, Arnold Hart, chairman of the Bank of Montreal, Albert E. Hill, chairman of the Bank of British Columbia, Louis Hildert, president of the Banque Canadienne Nouvelle, and Leo Lewis, president of the Provincial Bank of Canada. Mr. Arsenault is seated at left with Senior Deputy Governor J. R. Seaton. Now retired. About a representative from the Bank of Nova Scotia, whose chairman, J. William Neilsen, died in January.

Whenever Canada is examined in a society, it is almost always considered in terms of its identity crisis, broad-based problems, or its agonies in a small new nation in itself to one or another overdeveloped corpse. It is a sorry view through the prism of its status as one of the world's most successful capitalist nations. Yet, that's what we are—a capitalist society too, as are all such societies, by a danger of overlooking class.

A case could be made that the most important of these class—certainly if measured by its financial power—is a guide up to the 361 directors of the eight Canadian-owned chartered banks. They put their mark not only on banking, politics but on just about every significant business decision in the country.

The banks control business power, their board members hold among them some 3,000 corporate directorships, representing assets of about \$50 billion.

The bank directors are almost unknown publicly but they deserve as much praise or blame for the state of the Canadian economy as the finance minister himself. They have no spokesman and are only vaguely accountable for their actions. \$68, they go about their business in a remarkably similar manner, reflecting shared ideas in habits of thought and action. They are drawn from a self-perpetuating and enormously powerful social enclave. Yet there is a perennial looking for they belong to in little which ministers in dynamics through as incessant, existing posturing for

positive within its own careful confines.

A large measure of the bank director power is derived from the fact that Canada's banking system itself is probably the most concentrated of any western democracy. The three largest of the eight Canadian-owned banks—the Royal, the Commerce and the Montreal—control 70% of all banking assets. According to R. G. D. Lauby, a Montreal investment counselor and an ardent critic of the banks, the banking system is a highly institutionalized, monopolistic structure with inhibiting interests that employs restrictive practices to prevent new entrants and to entrench themselves in a dominant position.

That may sound like a harsh judgment, but it would / continued overleaf

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

be difficult even for Laflamme to exaggerate the importance of bank boardrooms as concentration forces of corporate power. The Bank of Montreal, for example, has 33 board members who, among them, hold 453 corporate directorships, representing holdings of \$124.9 billion. Each bank has a special relationship with selected underwriters, law firms, auditing houses and large life insurance companies (some 67 bank directors sit on the boards of the 17 largest Canadian insurance firms). Under the 1967 revision of the Bank Act, the banks are allowed to own only 10% of trust companies, but each of the Big Five maintains very close contacts with one of the larger trust organizations.

When you're operating in a monopolistic financial industry like this, what matters is who you know, what money you can provide, how you can turn deals to the mutual advantage of both lenders and borrowers. The idea is always to be extending your reach, consolidating your contacts, trading information, knowing something that somebody else doesn't know, and watching competitors jump when they find out about it. There is no shortage of money at this level; what counts is knowing exactly how to move it to achieve the most effective results. That's why it's knowledge, not money, that really creates power.

One more way to apply this knowledge are the bank directors. They are agents of the intelligence network, which keeps any bank in competition. Bank members of a bank board know exactly what's happening in his own industry—who's on his way up, which companies are in trouble, what the prospects are for new banking business.

Recessions inspire to bank boards the way politicians aspire to the Senate, and once appeared sudden surrender the board used the mandatory running age of 75 (The late Colonel R. S. McLaughlin, for instance, was a Toronto-Dominion director from 1947 to 1959 and 20-year associates are not uncommon.) "For a Canadian, becoming a bank director," says Charles Kufner, the head of Canadian International Comstock Company, who recently joined the board of the Royal, "is the summit of one's business career. The banks are very powerful in the sense that no individual in Canada, in my mind, can do much without the support of the chartered banks. I hope there'll always be room in this country for the banks to support the individual entrepreneur."

The affluence plays both ways. "Our directors are of considerable help to management," says John Colman, deputy chairman of the Royal. "The good use of banking is / continued on page 74

BOARDROOM POWER:

NAME	NUMBER OF BOARDS	ASSETS OF COMPANIES INVOLVED	MAIN CORPORATE INTEREST
McLaughlin, R.S.	33	\$91,399,000,000	Royal Bank
Comstock, J.H.	30	\$54,839,000,000	Royal Bank
Winters, H.S.	18	\$5,376,000,000	International Nickel Co.
Smider, L.B.	26	\$6,185,000,000	General Electric
Hart, G.A.	12	\$6,777,000,000	Bank of Montreal
Matthews, B.	14	\$6,445,000,000	McGill & McCleary
Rolland, L.D.	18	\$6,205,000,000	Rolland Paper Co.
Wheeler, G.R.	27	\$7,594,000,000	Canadian Import Ltd.
Morris, J.H.	17	\$7,315,000,000	Brimley Ltd.
Kerr, J.M.	9	\$7,096,000,000	Trans-Canada Pipelines
Conant, F.M.	29	\$7,616,000,000	Stewart, McKinnon & Covert
Morris, A.P.	29	\$8,168,000,000	A.P. Morris & Assoc.
Knoest, M.	5	\$8,670,000,000	Bell Canada
Laird, R.H.	15	\$8,771,000,000	Don Port of Canada
Morley, A.	15	\$8,327,000,000	St. Lawrence, Morley & Waters
Smider, J.	8	\$8,171,000,000	Canada Cement Lafarge
Crump, N.R.	25	\$8,504,000,000	Canadian Pacific
Parry, A.L.	9	\$8,446,000,000	Hollinger Misses
Laird, J.B.	10	\$8,369,000,000	Upper Lakes Shipping
Chabrier, R.	16	\$8,201,000,000	Vancouver Ltd.
Swick, J.H.	6	\$8,146,000,000	Canadian General Electric
Swick, C.C.	7	\$8,137,000,000	Bell Canada
Richardson, S.T.	24	\$8,084,000,000	James Richardson & Sons
MacKenzie, M.M.	7	\$8,760,000,000	Ratna (Charmall Ltd.)
McLaughlin, A.J.	20	\$8,622,000,000	Anglo Corp.
Bealy, W.M.T.	9	\$8,630,000,000	Steel Co. of Canada
Manning, G.C.	11	\$8,522,000,000	MAN Systems Research
Laird, J.A.	7	\$8,399,000,000	General Motors
Atkinson, A.R.	25	\$8,476,000,000	Arbuckle Giffell & Co.
Quigley, J.P.R.	15	\$8,379,000,000	Minerals, Quigley & Myers
Clegg, J.V.	5	\$8,139,000,000	Har-Mills Chemical Ltd.
Ogilvie, R.M.	10	\$8,128,000,000	Cougar Chemicals Ltd.
Ogilvie, A.S.	17	\$8,157,000,000	Sawyer, MacKay & Nelson
Laird, A.T.	21	\$8,094,000,000	Talbot-Guthrie Bank
Griffin, G.	16	\$8,090,000,000	Alcanada
Thomson, P.N.	43	\$8,065,000,000	Power Corporation
Pines, A.	25	\$8,019,000,000	Noranda Mines
Roberts, R.G.	8	\$8,094,000,000	Green Self-Restock Oak
Orris, N.V.	6	\$8,045,000,000	Alcan Aluminium Ltd.
MacKenzie, A.H.	7	\$8,024,000,000	Wily Electric Co.
Mosley, R.M.	3	\$8,146,000,000	Revised (Shawmut Trust)
Laird, A.S.	12	\$8,131,000,000	Falcon Paper Ltd.
McFarlane, C.J.	8	\$8,062,000,000	Edco, International Comstock
Tewks, W.D.	3	\$8,090,000,000	Imperial Oil
Beckwith, J.R.	9	\$8,082,000,000	Sumit
Holmes, J.G.	17	\$8,099,000,000	Westmont Ltd.
Quinlan, J.	2	\$8,070,000,000	Queen's University
Rosenstein, J.E.	3	\$8,078,000,000	BC Telephone
Morley, M. de M.	6	\$8,174,000,000	Metco Industries Ltd.
MacKenzie, A.J.	12	\$8,077,000,000	Banks, Cassels & Goydell

THE TOP 100 BANK DIRECTORS

NAME	NUMBER OF BOARDS	ASSETS OF COMPANIES INVOLVED	MAIN CORPORATE INTEREST
Laird, J.B.	10	\$12,095,000,000	Banking, Mfg.
Blair, E.D.	10	\$2,438,000,000	Service Ltd.
Van, W.F.	9	\$2,819,000,000	General Motors Ltd.
Copier, M.A.	23	\$2,876,000,000	Financial Institutions Review Ltd.
Payton, E.P.	23	\$2,868,000,000	New Promoters Dry Corp.
Norman, A.R.	6	\$2,837,000,000	Model Oil Canada Ltd.
Frederickson, P.	21	\$2,887,000,000	Manitoba Steel Ltd.
Van, J.A.	17	\$2,846,000,000	Tyco, DeLacoste & Wellington
Wardlaw, C.N.	6	\$2,995,000,000	Woodward Stores
Fennell, A.L.	10	\$2,943,000,000	Adelaide Corp. Ltd.
Bell, T.J.	6	\$2,881,000,000	Alcan Paper
McKenzie, G.S.	6	\$2,957,000,000	Algonia Steel Corp.
Wright, T.C.	4	\$2,980,000,000	Bankfield Services Ltd.
Holmes, A.R.	6	\$2,958,000,000	San Luis Asset Corp.
Lee, K.C.	2	\$2,882,000,000	Canada Life Assurance
MacKenzie, A.B.	13	\$2,777,000,000	Holmes Laboratories Ltd.
Ray, G.S.	7	\$2,602,000,000	General Motors Ltd.
Barrick, J.G.	7	\$2,732,000,000	Shawmut-Banks Ltd.
Thornbrough, A.A.	3	\$2,776,000,000	Manitoba Paper Ltd.
Simons, J.O.	5	\$2,589,000,000	Placer Development
Burns, G.J.	7	\$2,548,000,000	Simons Ltd.
MacKenzie, P.P.	12	\$2,539,000,000	Walter & Walter
Davidson, I.G.	9	\$2,522,000,000	Rebel (Canadian Steel)
Boyd, K.H.E.	9	\$2,544,000,000	Ford of Canada
Laird, B.	12	\$2,570,000,000	Laird, B. & Marlette
Clark, P.	4	\$2,898,000,000	Jensen Ltd.
MacKenzie, H.C.T.	10	\$2,822,000,000	Clark, Kender & Harcourt
Ogilvy, A.J.	9	\$2,837,000,000	Ogilvy, Coy. Partners
Parsons, C.A.	7	\$2,823,000,000	Parsons Inc.
McMahon, F.M.	3	\$2,819,000,000	Rebel (West Coast Transit)
Wardlaw, J.P.R.	5	\$2,780,000,000	Canadian Life
Holmes, S.M.	6	\$2,733,000,000	Imperial Optical Co.
Anderson, D.S.	4	\$2,676,000,000	Metco Centre
McKenzie, T.B.	12	\$2,663,000,000	Canada Steamship Lines
McKenzie, W.F.	4	\$2,636,000,000	Canada Packers
McKenzie, G.J.	25	\$2,596,000,000	New South Life & Power
McKenzie, S.H.	3	\$2,577,000,000	De Pont of Canada
Frederickson, C.C.	2	\$2,526,000,000	Bank of Commerce
Boyd, S.H.	5	\$2,499,000,000	Pittsburg & Co.
Goldberg, C.W.	6	\$2,388,000,000	Canadian Imperial, Cap. Wheat Ltd.
McKenzie, S.L.	18	\$2,338,000,000	A.R. McKenzie Co.
Clark, S.W.J.	9	\$2,308,000,000	Business Consultant
Thomson, N.W.	6	\$2,298,000,000	Bank of Commerce
Clark, R.P.	25	\$2,274,000,000	Shawmut, Bloor, Temco
Frederick, H.C.	8	\$2,278,000,000	Shawmut Group & Shawmut Co.
Frederickson, H.	6	\$2,140,000,000	Manitoba Industries Ltd.
Bell, A.N.	6	\$2,119,000,000	Bank of Canada
Morris, T.P.	3	\$2,112,000,000	International Comstock
Bell, M.A.	4	\$2,097,000,000	John East Ltd. Works
Clark, W.F.	4	\$2,097,000,000	Bank of Commerce

COLOR KEY:
THE BANK OF MONTREAL
THE COMMERCIAL BANK OF CANADA
THE BANK OF MONTREAL
THE BANK OF MONTREAL

Canada's eight chartered banks (the Manicome bank is a subsidiary of New York's First National City Bank) is not included in this survey) have a total of 261 directors, among them they hold 3,152 directorships of corporations, representing \$581.1 billion in assets. The accompanying list shows the top 100 bank directors (ranked according to assets of companies involved) with their banking connections and main corporate interests. The degree of concentration of corporate power represented in the boardrooms of the three largest banks becomes clear through this tabulation, which shows that 44 of the directors listed sit on the board of the Commercial, 36 on the board of the Royal and 16 on the board of the Bank of Montreal.

At the top of the list is Earle McLaughlin, chairman and president of the Royal Bank of Canada, largely because he also sits on the board of General Motors Corp. (Detroit). Earle McLaughlin succeeded the late Colonel Sam McLaughlin of Oshawa, his first cousin once removed, in this post.

Some highly influential businessmen are not on the list because their major interests are in private corporations which do not make public their asset positions. This is why David Kuncer, chairman of the T. Eaton Company and a Bank of Montreal director, C.R. Broadman, head of the House of Seagram and a Bank of Montreal director, Leo Kofler, head of the Semprum-owned CEMP Investments Ltd. and a Toronto-Dominion director, and N.M. Davis, head of N.M. Davis Corp. and a Commerce director, are not included.

The Canadian who sits on the largest number of corporate boards is J. J. Joffe, president of the Misses Bissin Pulp and Paper Company of Hearstport, N.S. He holds 49 directorships, including the Bank of Nova Scotia, but there are too many private companies to give him an assured place among the top 100 businessmen listed.

THE NEW MACHISMO!

BY CHRISTINA NEWMAN

What every Gringo has to have this year



NOVA SCOTIA SOUL

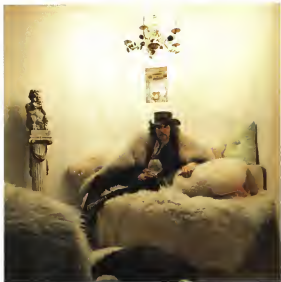
Larry Daygroom is not from Nova Scotia. But his great family style reflects the feeling of "novelty" Canadian and is the most truly joyful of them. The style is just as it is located: down Yonge Street in the heart of the Great White North. The Roadrunner is the only place in the city where you can find it.

A couple of days before the picture of Bruno Gerosa, which appears on the cover of this *Machismo*, was taken — at a time when I was worrying the idea of the new machismo around in my mind — I saw a man who by his very presence brought the whole subject into focus. It was after a chef's dinner at my daughter's school in midtown Toronto, and among all the mothers in their fur coats standing around outside in the snow waiting for their offspring to emerge triumphant was this guy in the prime of his young middle age, a junior partner in an important law firm maybe, or a stockbroker from one of the big downtown houses, wearing an expensive navy-blue overcoat and a cap. He was lean in the manner of somebody who plays a lot of squash and he had this great Celtic coloring: thick black hair going silver around the ears and gray-green eyes, and he looked as though, in another time, he might have gone to KMC and ended up

as a lieutenant-colonel in the Queen's Own, which is probably what his grandfather was. I kept staring at him until he noticed me. A civilized manner in that we might know each other, but what I was thinking would not have pleased him.

I was trying hard to figure out why it was that 19 years ago I would have considered him the handsomest man I'd seen all week and now the way he looked was somehow quiet. He was just too handsome, too burly, too controlled. I mean, you couldn't imagine him swearing or swearing (except in the confines of the *Illustration* and *Racquet*) or...well, you got the idea. He just didn't have it.

Before I go on, I'd better explain that I don't think my response was particularly unusual even in that period crowd. I'll argue if I'd been crazy enough to check the school signs and folders, "Hey, I'm running a contest and the first prize is your choice of Bruno Gerosa or the



UPTOWN COWBOY

John Lee came to Canada from Oklahoma as an up and coming cowboy. He is now a machismo because he likes it and a natural extension of what he likes. I made my own choice because I want to be in the middle. The image I've got comes out of feeling natural because what I want is truly mine.

*James Dean in *Grease* saved it and Jim Hight in *Melanie* Cowboy brought it all together.*

staring silver citizens," most of the young mothers in the assembly would have mentally picked Gerosa (though what they'd do apart from mentally picking, I'm not sure, years of worrying about good day camps, better on-theodons, and nineteenth-century-entertainment land to make you cautious).

What the ladies would have been responding to is the new machismo, what an adolescent friend of mine dedicatedly calls "modernism," the current style in what looks good in and on men. And if they didn't know the word then, before the year is out they will. Because it's one of those concepts that take hold in the minds every once in a while — words that start out saying something important about an era and become catchalls, beaten into sterility by overuse. (Chaucer was a word like that, it granted currency in the politically ambiguous climate of the late Fifties as a mystical quality of pragmatic leadership, as defined by the German sociologist Max Weber,

but it ended up being applied to everything from the bold John Diefenbaker's bald over small-town politicians on the Prairie to lucky heathens pushing cheap meenie and Heug King uiks.) Machismo — which is derived from the Spanish word meaning male and is an integral part of the story of Mexico — is still in its media infancy, but in the past few months I've seen or heard it used to describe two-toned suburbanized shirts worn by dudes in Denver, Derek Sanderson's slick handling and any number of overt statements, subliminal attitudes and sideways glances indulged in by the kind of charismatic males that the Women of Liberation dislike.

The old-fashioned machismo, the Mexican kind, comes out of the heart of that country's lifestyle which is what the sociologists call matriarchal and patriarchal — *ie.*, the women of the family keeps everybody going by providing love and fertility but the men's word is law. Within this



LATIN DUDE

Allan Brown, late of Loma, Peru, about the past machismo from day when his tradition. Day is 'I would a guide. The sign that identifies his quarry and a look at just, then made one of the situation at his house. People are drawn to me as the appearance that Loma. There is a not necessary in the heavy-handed to, you know, correct!'

culture, a man's worth is reckoned in terms of his maleness rather than his possessions. To the lower-class Mexican, to be macho or show machismo (bravery/morale/pride) is more important than anything else. (And this is true to a lesser degree in most of the other corners of Latin America.) A man can prove he's macho in many ways—by physical prowess in defending his honor against all slights, by fighting bulls while dressed up magnificently in tight trousers before a roaring crowd (and at the bell-sounds of "macho, macho" are heard in the ring), by the sexual conquest of many women (the truly macho men figure, he can melt the resolve of the most virtuous woman with an eye flash at 50 feet) or by a reckless disregard for money, safety and good sense.

What machismo means to the men who live by it (and the women who suffer under it, for at its worst it breeds brutality and proliferates poverty through its denial of the

work ethic) is illustrated in the culture's aphorisms—"Tirade paradoxa! or life has pain!" is a good thing to say about any hombre—and in proverbs like, "Never lend your gun, your horse or your woman." (And whoever inside that one up ought to be sentenced to 30 days in a jail cell with Valerie Solanas and Betty Friedan.)

Just what the new machismo, the North American pop culture version, portends is something a little more complicated. By other means and in other guises, it's always been part of the working-class culture, truck drivers, cowboys, workmen, men, guys like that, are all natural macho males. And there have been political manifestations of it for 40 years in the blood-and-gun anthologies of Ernest Hemingway, James T. Farrell and Norman Mailer and their glorification of bullfights, prize fights, battlefield heroics, barroom brawling and sexual athleticism ("The earth moved. And it was good!") But since



URBAN OUTLAW

Grant Kessler, formerly of Loma, who made great urban macho men, that got a neighbor. What more to be taken into 'heavy' value of such macho men as the Hall's Angels, only to discover them with the cinema, now their influence of the European labor. Late he says: 'I don't worry about how I dress. I'm a man. I'm angry!'

the late Sixties, and particularly in the last year, the machismo myth has gone beyond the literature into the confined lifestyle of the middle class.

There are at least three intercorrelated reasons for this. Machismo is part of the urban guerrilla mystique of the New Left and radical black movements in the U.S. and such related movements as the FLQ in Canada with their revolutionary agendas (Che Guevara, Regis Debra), their costumes of work shirts, gas belts, boots, their ugly man-sets, rough talk and attitudes need to show how really tough ("not from") they are. In true macho style, men of the movement don the beginning rebelled women to the role of camp followers and their leaders, Stokely Carmichael, Eldridge Cleaver, Abbie Hoffman, made statements about women so ugly they were enough to turn the stomach of the most accommodating Aunt Tom. Some of the movement women were too turned on to the agili-

tanian ideal to put up with the oppression, and the radical feminist groups were the result. A small but noisy group of women began to trespass brazenly on the old masculine preserves, strong language, aggressive politics, free love, the independent life. Now to go further with this merry theorizing. Already social scientists are saying that domestic aggression as manifested in the women's lib movement, both here and in the U.S., means to a certain kind of rascals' mad on usurping of the male's rightful role, and their response is to dump down, to deny their own supremacy, to become as Margaret Mead has described it "provoked into a display of male function." In other words, at a time when sexual roles are becoming more ambiguous, certain men turn kinder on their anarchism. And this is what we're seeing now in the streets of North America—and in the pictures on these pages which show the archetypal macho / continued on page 72

VOUS AVEZ LA PAROLE



NOW YOU'RE TALKING

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Mon Oncle Keith

BY ERNA PARIS

What kind of job is Commissioner of Official Languages for a nice WASPish boy named Spicer?

Paris, 1994. A season of political chaos. The Indo-Chinese war had just ended, the disastrous colonial war with Algeria had already begun and the comic-opera Fourth Republic had just cracked. Pierre Mendès-France, in its twenty-fifth year of government, like this much younger, 20-year-old Canadian, came to France to study French. He was a Toronto WASP from a traditional anglophile family, an impressive romantic lad, and the political factor excited him. He read popular fiction. *Le Monde* and the official *Casual Enchiridion* and felt that the future of the world was being decided here. Sometimes he skipped classes to hang around the Quai d'Orsay on the banks of the Seine, writing from view of the magnificent Pont Alexandre III and Louis XIV's *Wish for Insults* to catch a glimpse of the man who were making it all happen. Mendès-France, whom most people remember as the man who pushed milk, became his personal hero, admired for his ability to take stands and let the chips fall. At the end of a year in this environment, the young student of literature became a student of politics.

Ottawa, 1972. A time of political uncertainty. Pierre Elliott Trudeau is in his fourth year as prime minister, struggling intensely to keep Quebec within Confederation. Three years ago, rejecting the stark nuclear theory of Quebec's place in Canada, his government drafted the Official Languages Act, an attempt to level off separation by promoting bilingual services from federal government agencies across the country, so that it could place as St. Boniface, Manitoba, where there is a significant French minority, a French Canadian might be able to find someone at the local post office, for example, who could speak his language. It is scarcely popular legislation. Apart from the English-speaking civil servants with high school French who fear for their upward mobility and the immigrant Co-

nadians who cannot see why French should be preferred in a second language over, say, Ukrainian or Dakota, there are still those outraged citizens who cheerfully suggest that if French Canadians want to speak French they should move to some Pacific Island — like Anacapa, maybe. This outside Quebec. Inside Quebec, Premier Robert Bourassa has indicated indifference to the fate of French-language numbers beyond the province's borders, and René Lévesque has proclaimed that Official Languages Act is not, it will happen by 1976. At the centre of all this suspicion and hostility, occupying the most delicate public service job in the country, if not the most impossible, is the impressive romantic lad from Toronto.

Today, at 38, he is Commissioner of Official Languages, a deputy minister who earns \$38,000 a year, works out of an enormous "bureaucracy" Ottawa office pretentiously located just a few blocks from the Parliament Buildings, and leads a staff of 48 who sit languidly behind great portland ferns looking like commandos in the Vietnam jungle. Not bad, all in all, for a man who is, according to his sister, "the first in the family to do something more than push a plow or judge cattle."

Keith Spicer is tall, good featured and distinctly handsome. Merry well-distinguished blackish curls, sideburns, casual clothes and an informality of speech that does not preclude the odd four-letter word make him refreshingly conspicuous in dowdy Ottawa. His sister suggests late boyhood more than early middle age, though a white turn-of-mind, shrewd in the wash, shamelessly molds several baggy abdominal belts. There are three, including an official in the Department of the Secretary of State, who suggest that Spicer wrote himself into his job as Commissioner by getting to know all the right people and covering his way into some preliminary research work. Indeed, Spicer's training so perfectly

prepared him for this job that is retrospectively might seem to have been planned. But a more charitable, credible and widely held view is that Keith Spicer was by far the most suitable man in Canada for the job. Most suitable English Canadian, that is, a French Canadian would have been suspect in the gardens of majority language rights.

Spicer is a fascinating personality, poetic, multi-faceted and volatile. Canada is grinding around his ears, but he remains the central angler, talking usually about "latent goodwill" in our land. His approach to our language problems is also disarmingly simple. "For me, the core of the problem is the basic question of human dignity. We've been so hypnotized by the mechanics of the constitution that we lost sight of the childlike quality of instant recognition," he says. "Children don't question status. They accept each other." If these noble sentiments sound naive, Spicer is unbothered. "Maybe I'm an incorrigible optimist," he adds, a preliminary committee last March. "But I believe that by making for granted that people have his interests, and by appealing to them, you cannot lose. And as for idealism, I make no apologies for believing in a certain conception of Canada."

Phrases like "human dignity" occur frequently in Spicer's conversation and seem to express an inner searching, which is one of the most compelling aspects of his personality. There is an "unfaded" quality about him that is unusual in a man his age — an artificial making for something yet undefined which will touch some deep nerve centre and make him whole. He speaks of an "attraction for the exotic." He's fascinated by the strange findings of archaeology, the French Renaissance and the mystical aspects of philosophy and religion, though he describes himself as an "infantile Presbyterian." He's a man of deep vibrations, but / continued on page 60



THE NIGHT JOHN DIEFENBAKER STOOD ON GUARD

*In Bridgetown, NS, where
politics is the art
of the improbable*

BY DAVID E. LEWIS

It had been difficult, but I had managed to live in Bridgetown for a number of years without getting involved in politics. My naïve conception of a Liberal was someone who argued with a Conservative. At 19 I wasn't too enamoured in the argument per se. My father was listed as a "mild Conservative," and I was listed as a "probable" at the secret caucuses which everyone knew the Tories held periodically in the back room of Peter Martin's Flour and Feed Warehouse. What was discussed in the clandestine privacy of this caucuses (it was rumored they used liquor bottles with cordless mugs in them for light, after they had emptied the bottles) was usually discussed publicly the next day in Joe Mallin's barbershop, so it was simply a matter of getting a haircut on the right days to be in the know politically. In such a way I learned that in a small town the town fathers not only the sins of his father but his politics as well.

Although all small towns get excited before an election, it is usually a serpent in the proverbial scape. At least, it is so in Bridgetown. Time after time the rumors have shown the town had split almost exactly 50-50. One year it would be 345-345 for the Liberals (but William Barber and his wife, Helen, both good Tories, had gone on a vacation in Maine, and to this day are blamed for the Tory defeat). Usually it was 346-345

for the Tories. One year it had been 350-342 as when the local press (slightly prejudiced) referred to as the biggest landslide in recent local history. In such a halcyon state of affairs, a vacillating vote was of major importance. The most vacillating vote in Bridgetown belonged to Bruno. By some strange colonial distribution, there seems to be one Bruno in every small town. He is well known and well liked, and does odd jobs for people — or, as my father would it, he did the jobs odd for people.

Thus before an election Bruno acquired an air of importance. He was literally counted by both parties. Even his pay increased (and the Liberals had a minimum salary one year when Gordon Trueman discovered that Bruno was considerably more impressed with two dimes and a nickel than with a quarter). Mrs. Newcombe, who had moved to Bridgetown a short time before and had tried to pay Bruno with paper money, had been subjected to a disburse about "turnovers" and had never been able to get him to work for her again.

Once, when fears ran rampant and hopes ran high, Bruno was kidnapped. Two local businessmen spent him away to an isolated summer camp where he existed on Glend's beer and bread beans and was perfectly content, according to his captors. He was kept there (uncommunicative until the day of the election. It wasn't that Bruno wasn't trustworthy — he was just a little weak in retentive ability.

/ continued on page 41

David E. Lewis has lived in the Annapolis Valley for most of his life and teaches Latin at the high school in Bridgetown.

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID E. LEWIS



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82/70

DIEFENBAKER

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and was capable of voting for the first person who consented to him (he was elected on his vote as an oval one). In this way my mother, who happened to be standing next to him as he was sworn in, and whose lesson plan were his friends, received one vote at a recent federal election.

Burne wasn't a political necessity at mouth as he was a reform. It was a joke, but there was an underlying current of superstition which insisted that whoever got Burne's vote won the election. Although Burne was unaware of all the little superstitions he caused at election time, his mother was more aware. She also had a daughter and she tried to launch Burne on the political open market. Bridgetown needed one figure to give space to an election, but two were superfluous. Burne found himself a poor little mouse on the local political chessboard.

My father had known Lortimer Smith all his life. They had gone fishing together, and each had bought 500 shares in a worthless mining stock and had lost their share. This made two fathers together. Then when Lortimer Smith became the Conservative member for our county, he came to me to help him with his political speeches. I was fresh out of college and had done some writing in the local weekly newspaper. I had no idea of the platform of either party, and refused. Lortimer informed me that this would prove no handicap at all. Indeed, he felt that it would give his speeches a "fresh approach".

I made a conscientious attempt to grasp the basic Conservative stance, but after listening to several of Lortimer's speeches I was no wiser. It suddenly occurred to me that although I knew almost nothing about political issues the public knew less. I then began writing speeches for Lortimer Smith. It took me some time to learn the art of public speaking — despite public opinion, it is rather difficult to write a 20-minute speech and say absolutely nothing, but it is possible, and after a month I was very prepared.

I must admit that if Lortimer said nothing he did it impressively. He was a born orator. The first time I heard him give one of my speeches in his smooth euphonious voice I was considerably impressed. I would have voted for him. And he did pay good money. He was like a large black sheep, ready to go places, and I was the gas pump. But I realized that gas stations are commonplace and dispensable. I tried to service him in the best I could. I tried to mix in my role of the only ghost-writer in Bridgetown, but Lortimer wouldn't allow me the

claim of anonymity. "Wrote all my speeches," he'd say and slip me in the back. "Thank you!" He can save about the back.

In a way I think he was using me in the eyes of the shrewd farmer constituency in our area there seemed to be a difference between merely reading the stuff and writing it. His connection with the stuff was tighter than mine. The farmers would grin at Lortimer and then look at me with a frown. I knew I had the ability to "shoot the bull" — I had just made excellent marks in English literature classes at college but I resented it being public information.

I had always pictured politicians as large, expensive expensive men. Lortimer was the antithesis of this image. He was small-framed, thin and meticulously dressed in extremely bad taste. My mother said he looked rusty. He always wore a paragon in his lapel. He had a strange hypnotic power — not that he was a hypnotist, but when he spoke people listened. Sixty years ago he would have been selling an elixir called "W.C. Fick's elixir".

I always felt ill at ease and superfluous on his terms. His aggressive consideration embarrassed me. He knew empathy by his first name. He would shake the man's hand first, almost reverently, and then look compassionately at the wife, in an almost absent-minded way. Fick's elixir was humor. He left the children well but. In a rare moment of embarrassment, I have watched him reduce a family of seven simultaneously.

The prospect of Lortimer's first big rally in Bridgetown left me disturbed. In the rural areas no one knew me, but in my hometown it would be different. At Lortimer's insistence, I was to sit on the platform, and my mother beamed with a nicely inspired pride and invited my last be framed. Although I had just had a haircut the week before John Diefenbaker, a Western leader not then too well known, was to be guest speaker, and George Nowlan Sr. was to be there. Going to the balcony to place my mother's portrait was uncomfortable at best. Every man in the county was getting his hair cut. I am not sure what allegoric meaning could be deduced from this unless there was a connection with the sermon given the Sunday before by the United Church minister about Sunday's importance.

When the evening arrived, the hall was so jammed that there were many people standing outside the small community hall. Lortimer decided that a loudspeaker should be installed and that I should use it was. I was ordered to call Sandy McGregor to run the

and steady the central leadership. Still, a nervous Liberal, took the suggestion coolly. We were flattered but it was a bit like asking Betty Koss to see a flag for the British.

"Steady," I said over the phone in desperation. "You were a McGroper before you were a Liberal. Name your price."

At last everything was steady.

The president of the Tory party of the county stood up.

"The meeting will begin with O Canada," he said.

I stood at attention, like everyone else, we sang.

"The price," the president asked, and I realized he was looking at me. I stood there dumbfounded.

Finally he proclaimed at me so softly that I nearly fell from the stage. I shook my head desperately. I must explain that I am one of the very few in Bridgwater who can play the piano. The president turned to the audience, held his hands high in a lily-Grierson pose, and announced that I was a bit shy but if the audience would give "one last boy a hand" he was sure I would play.

Now I am also one of these rare sad souls who can play nothing without the music. There persists a universal misconception that if you can play the piano you can play anything at anytime. This is simply not true. The audience applauded perfectly, and the president came over with a grin on his face. It was a fixed grin. He took my arm in a viceroy grip and propelled me across the stage to the piano. I could hear my laughter and applause from people who had often tried in vain to get me to play for a song at a party. I sat there staring dumbly at the keyboard. I had never played O Canada in my life. Two thousand people were waiting at attention. In one desperate motion I struck the major chord of C with both hands. I never discovered what unexpected and started off, but my heart is still worn toward the poor wretch. Poor, because I left him on

his own. I put back the chord down and the audience fluttered around with the melody in a drowsy flustering re-entrance. A few others joined in, in a unisonful nodding. I heard the unmistakable voice of John Dietenbaker, in primitive despair, adding to the exception. The bulk of the audience, with typical Maritime placidity, did nothing. When it was over, and we could all sit down, there was a moment of stunned silence. The president got up peacefully, hurriedly, and then looked over at me and thanked me. Lorrimer Smith whispered something at Dietenbaker's ear, and he, too, looked at me with large astonished eyes.

After the meeting concluded (there was no request for my version of *God Save The Queen*), I stood backstage. My sister-in-law told me to sit inconspicuously into the night. I was about to, when Lorrimer Smith here down on me.

"Bad show, boy. That wasn't fancy."

I explained that it was hardly my idea of better. I had been the most embarrassing moment — here — of my life. I explained that I just didn't know how to play O Canada.

"Nonsense!" he said harshly. "Any full-blooded Canadian boy who can play the piano can play O Canada!" He made it sound as if my version had decidedly trampled-like overtones. He might even conclude I was in the secret pay of the Liberals.

I still had to have a reception for John Dietenbaker which a local house was giving to her home. I decided to be as unobtrusive as I could. My embarrassment had made me nervous and I found myself literally rubbing elbows with Dietenbaker.

"I'm sorry, sir, about the piano business tonight."

His eyes turned into mine. "You seem like a good clean-cut young man." He corrected the "seem" so though I were a showy Rockefeller. "I thought all clean-cut young Canadians knew our national anthem?"

"If I had only been notified before, and had the piano," I said weakly. But John Dietenbaker was not one to dwell on uncorrectable fautes.

"You're young to be interested in politics," he said.

I was about to answer that I wasn't interested in politics at all, but I realized that would really strike me as being like a schoolboy.

"I'm interested in young people who are concerned about their country's future. It's where the greatness of our wonderful country lies. Now, tell me, why are you interested in our great Conservative party?"

I was caught severely. "To make matters worse, Lorrimer Smith had added up behind us and was eavesdropping."

"I guess because of my father," I said lamely.

"Your father?"

"Yes. He's a Conservative."

A cloud of disapproval frowned down at me. I had looked away. Lorrimer Smith moved in for the kill. He was asking "And your grandfather, was he a Conservative too?"

I nodded miserably.

"And what," asked Lorrimer with the vicious sweetness of someone who knows that his prey is securely cornered, "would you have been if your father and your grandfather had been damn fools?"

I had read that copy of *Reader's Digest* too. "I suppose a Liberal."

Obviously Dietenbaker hadn't read the *Reader's Digest*, for he put his arm around my shoulder and told me over to the chandelier. To the notable chagrin of my hostess and other guests, he devoted most of his time to me, explaining that it should not inhibit my politics but arrive at them through my intelligence. I was extremely embarrassed at all this attention, but pleased. I ate only seven sandwiches, instead of my usual 15. For one wild post-stroke moment I thought he was going to ask me to write his speeches, but as I listened to him I concluded he wrote his own.

Lorrimer Smith's love affair with politics did not end in marriage, and I soon found my services no longer required. On one occasion a Liberal friend of mine suggested that the speeches I had written for Lorrimer were still serviceable, and that by the simple expedient of changing "Conservative" to "Liberal" they would be suitable to the Liberal party. I found this suggestion slightly offensive, although I knew it was true. Since then I have been unsuitable as a political writer to any party. Like Thomas, I feel the best thing to do is to remain a political warlock. ■

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TORONTO DOMINION
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clouds along the road. Cut off from the road in back by trees and a lot of weeds bushes, it must have been the last place I played. With the assistance of my brother-in-law and the landlord, I got two tables, a counter, some chairs, a clothes closet and bed platform built into the place, which was stark empty of such conveniences on my arrival. And I got the chimney blocked up and was all set with a wonderful place of my own in which to work.

By my income (about \$35 per week) I believe I would be rated on those statistical charts as living at the poverty level. Granted, a house with hot toilet or running water isn't exactly up to standards. Regrettably, I seem to be living quite comfortably, am finding that much of what I once considered necessities are quite dispensable — and I feel rather rich for the experience.

Living at the poverty level by choice, for I concentrate my working only two days per week to earn my daily bread, leaving me the remaining five for my own pursuits. Having earned life from both sides of the vaudeville of living, I have come to believe that life on the low side has the potential, at least, of being a more satisfying, meaningful experience. When you have a two-day-work routine rather than a five, there are some things you have to do for yourself that others pay to have done. For example, the lack of plumbing means that I must peck in all my water, a fairly heavy job, and forgo the conveniences of hot-and-cold-running water, shower and so on. But I also add to a cheap \$35 rent. But my home, small, modest, crude by my usual standards, is located right at the edge of the beach. From my window when I sit and type I can see beach grass blowing in the wind, legs, the ocean (Street of Kala de Poni) and, in the distance, the Olympic Mountains. I spend the year alone in wealth, the \$35, and consider the rest because I'm lucky to have.

The toilet, of course, is the most difficult necessity to do without, for its lack causes daily problems. I've come to enjoy a sponge bath, but occasionally I long for a soak — like the last time I washed my hair like a lioness. (A Lark I usually like to soothe's shower in town.) I had a lot of nice hot water (a luxury) in the big lake cabin that I generally use in which we soak. I used to soak in it but found me to be too big for the thing. I figured the material I'd use and my backside into the corner, feet into one of the smaller basins. But for all the slippery soaping and soiling in

that I took, I found myself aching like a creek in the corner, forehead-downward-pink-basking in that beautiful hot water, but a lack of a lot of me sticking out top. So, I made the move to the smaller-bath-shaped basin. Glory and happiness! I felt, but a lot drier than I had figured. Half the water kept out so I sat in it. Anyway, with feet in the corner, backside in the wallbath, I got my soak. What was left of the bathwater went back into the corner for dishes.

Anyway, living cheaply does have its problems, but I generally turn out that one is unaccountable, all right, but in how one lives, and there is much that one can do for oneself. And therein lies the attraction of living cheaply.

I heat with beach wood, which insures me a daily outdoor exercise, providing me with lots of sea-fresh air, sunshine and exercise. It's awful!



"Entertainment costs can be reduced to the price of art and craft materials."

ly disease hand work but good for me, and it feels good. The only way to keep the body in shape is to use it, and I'd rather use meat providing for my necessities than in doing exercises in a gymnasium. Granted, I could also use it, my own strength, which I would enjoy. But that would cost money. To me, there is something wrong in the estimate that "I must work for five or six days a week, at a solitary job I dislike, so that I can afford the luxuries that me to me to this work." Especially when I consider that the luxuries don't bring any great pleasure to the life.

Not having a telephone is a real inconvenience when you want to conduct business. As if the right-side drive to the nearest pay phone were not enough, one can find one's telephone slowly used by getting a busy signal, the wrong number, no answer or the baby-crier. Add in these poor abilities, ladies with penitents' cheeks out of order, inefficient or incorrect

change. Yes, it is inconvenient. Mostly well serving it times. But some times it has been so. As a phone for the reason that most people say they couldn't live without one — in the event of an emergency. Perhaps I have been lucky, but I do know that many people managed to live for many years without the convenience offered by telephone. I am finding it an expense I can live without, in spite of the inconveniences, and I enjoy being free of the plague of telephone bills. And I know that when friends come to see me it's because they really want to, not just because they're nothing else to do.

Entertainment costs can be reduced to the price of art and craft materials, sewing supplies, tools, paper and stationery, flame metal — along with the occasional bottle of wine, one of beer for visiting friends. One can more than fill one's hours with a wide assortment of activities that not only keep one "interested" but productive as well. And productivity, I've observed, is a great tonic for everyone's sense of well-being and self-esteem. I have never read any books on survival, so I guess, for me at least, there are some that are essential. The essential is to believe that I can do it myself. You don't get that from a book. Books that have led me to a less material way of thinking about and viewing my life are really useful. Henry's *Survival*, the *Shogun* diary, the *Yogi Berra* Along about there I came across an outline known as *The Brotherhood Of The Way Temple* (Depts. F, Seals) and became an avid reader of it. Dorel on subjects such as *Solar Power*, *The Way Of Life*, *Science And Health*, *Yogi Berra*, *Science Of Breath Color And Light*, *Concentration And Relaxation*, *Personal Magnetism*, *Man's Higher Self*, *Mr. Robert Robert*, *How They Influence His Life*. There's a whole library of them. Little booklets, a dollar or two in price. In fact they also came a little reading on *how First Lake At Malibu* by Catherine, Edward and Paul. In *Your Five Minutes* by Henry G. Baker, M.D. Mostly my diet has consisted out of common sense. Go lightly on the meat and starches, and eat lots of solids. And lots of lightly cooked fresh vegetables. The Chinese cook technique is my mainstay of cooking, although I do it in a plain frypan. The most commonly eaten meat in the household is poached vegetables — either green beans, mushrooms, cooking and green onions, clove of garlic (not garlic oil!) look cheap, or maybe some broccoli. Maybe there'll be a few slices of bacon along

with it — or a pork chop or up and cooked with it. Or shrimps, or an egg or two broken over it. A glass of milk or a pot of rice-hip or pagetman tea. I have seen smoking coffee and regular tea at home altogether. My most common evening beverage is hot lemonade, with juice fresh-squeezed and sweetened with honey. No white sugar in the household, and brown is only used in my Chinese vegetable cooking, along with soy sauce and a shot of two of water. I have seen (fourteen, unspiced) and dried fruit around, along with fresh fruit. Bought some salad-coated peanuts the other day on a road splurge and sent them off to a friend after one evening. I couldn't leave them alone. Corruption has had.

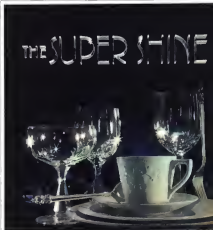
Living cheaply does not mean living off welfare. This, I think, is an important distinction to be made. Many of those who are still on the nine-to-five routine often justify their own position by assuming that everyone who is not in that rut is on welfare, and therefore a burden to them. I honestly don't know what percentage of dependents are unemployed, how many are dependent on welfare, but I do know that I've met a growing number who are, like myself, self-sustaining, financially independent of others. If I am going to call myself independent and free, I do not want to be playing any dependency games with the establishment.

Living cheaply also gives one the opportunity to stop playing the Consumer Game. If you do not have money, you really cannot be playing the game. And if you don't want to be playing the game, your need for money is greatly reduced. The Consumer Game is the one that keeps us all believing that without this and that product our lives would be quite miserable.

Well, I've been writing this for the past two hours and to tell you the truth I've got work to do. I have to chop wood, clean up house, cook and eat supper, read a chapter of *Walden*. Really, spend a while with my husband friends the birds (this place with the swamp orchard is loaded with birds), play my final games (on my seven-dollar-a-month rented floor) and watch the sun set. But it's a little late on there. The end of the Street, the mountain and the sky all still have a glimmer of warmth, which shows itself in misty-pink clouds. Ships and flocks of birds or kites are out on the shimmering wonder of an ocean. The logs down the beach and the white sand dunes are all red together in their beach-weathered grey. Swallows swooping around. And this sea-

son my front yard — some kind of stick with stiff spiky needles sticking right out from the branches all the way around — well it has my pink look on it. I think they'll turn one color, but I can't recall ever seeing anything quite like it before.

Not so long ago just about the time of the first winter storm, a man and a woman came knocking in my door to say that I would have to move out of my cabin soon, since they, the rightful owners, were about to move in. I'm in the process of moving now to another cottage one mile down the road; it costs \$45 per month but has the added advantage of a roof (that doesn't leak, a financially efficient wood stove and, praise the Lord, an indoor washroom. Add to this incredible good fortune that there is no one between me and my beautiful ocean/mountain view, and you will understand how fine I'm feeling these days. Right now this place is part of me, and for all it repels on my best feelings I've loved it, will be sad to leave it and I would just say a whole surfacing in the ocean, spooning and all. ■



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MY CANADA from pages 14

I wrote a poem on the Kootenai University marches. The general reaction was: isn't it nice that it can't happen here? Still more encouraged, I wrote a poem about all the victims of our first enemy. I called it *I Think Of All Soft Deaths*. I worked in all the victims of violence. I could think of without being an audience: the victims of the Viet Cong, the victims of the South Vietnamese, the starving children of Biafra, Soviet poets and writers living in Siberia and mental homes, students at Columbia dragged head first down stone steps. This went down gloriously with my audience. Then I made my mistake. I wrote a poem on Quebec. To differentiate it from the poem called *November* about that August night in Prague, I called this one *Adieu*. Since nationalization is without nationality, I thought this would set the poem apart. *Adieu* is about Pierre Laporte and other victims in Quebec like Wilfrid Laplante, named, Thérèse Morin, blown up, and Maurice d'Arc St. Germain, almost blown to death. I read the poem at a Festival of the Arts in the Bishop's University theatre auditorium built to celebrate our Centennial. Students from the Université de Sherbrooke walked out. The French-Canadian poets on the same bilingual bill with me went upstage. Victims always belong to somebody else.

Things were too sensitive when I was growing up. We all believed that the way to change things was to encourage our franchise. When my uncle became mayor of Sherbrooke he spoke a pretty plain French. He spoke to everybody anyway. At the end of his term they gave him a couple of limousines to put up each side of his front sidewalk to celebrate the fact.

Going way back, so far that we are into the 19th century, which of course had everything wrong with it, I come to my Uncle John. He sailed before the war in the clipper *Arctur* out of Sweden in 1883. During his voyage he was headed for Australia. When part way through the voyage he learned that the vessel was headed for North America instead, he jumped ship at Quebec City. On the morning of the Central Five Centennial somebody asked the uncle asked him (in Swedish, Uncle John didn't know any) if he'd like a job in the lake at Lake Ridge. He would. The word "job" came out in English. He was so taken with being supervisor of dynamite (used in those days to blow up ugly Quebec houses) that he wrote my future father in Wisconsin to come on over from Sweden to Canada, it was a great country. I never learned Swedish. My father continued on page 50

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MY CANADA continues their fall in love with my mother's English. That was a great detour! Greta Garbo was mentioned at the time. We have the same name. She spoke right off to me in Swedish. I could reply only in English. Think of what will happen to me when I meet Pua her talent! I never dreamed that my English would prove such a separable handicap.

Since then I have been all over Europe, spent years in London and New York to find out why I love where I do. Once I was sure. Never for one year was I left in doubt that my poetry belonged in Quebec. If you look for it, the poems are full of Telephone of the cranes sang, crows in spring, pike in woods, and trees stopping at waving lanterns, snow, weather like Sweden, loneliness like Siberia, single delights (Rocky Mountain flower) instead of nightingales, hatred of violence, and modernism which is neither British nor American but a new common denominator.

Now I am not so sure. Everybody wants to be more equal. The French want what the English have and the English want what the Americans have. Tradition is kept from viewing the exotic landscape on the temples of the Ganges, the CBC is provincialism, and McLuhan says the medium is the message. We are cosmopolitan. We are falling apart. We have costume barriers that will keep an Ontario chicken from laying a Quebec egg.

However, we may make it. We have a brief while, perhaps once a generation, to find out who we are. It doesn't much matter as long as we are human, but the danger is that we might avoid that identity. We could get rid of Indians, hide girls on ice floes, carry pictures of Paul Rose and shudder over America.

What are we rather than what we think we are? An eclectic bunch of suburbaners trying to build a cozy bank of geography together because we have a sinking suspicion that we are like each other — that's what we are. We think we could like each other. What we need is more irony and more sense of comedy, more love-in and less cynicism, more personalities and far fewer politicians. A few more rides on canals and slides down banisters and we might make it. We are almost out of adolescence. I suppose for a while we shall need the United States of America. It is our nearest pot of gold.

But, after all, we love each other what we love.

Reviewers of the midlife.
I shall now go out and weed my garden. Perhaps write another poem in praise of us, God help us.

Canada imports more cherries and more ports from Australia than from any other country. Because Canadians are particular about their wine and dining.



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The Australian Wine Board



THE FINE WINES OF AUSTRALIA.

long after midnight, writing by the glimmer of an oil or lamp — for in the beginning the shack had no electricity.

My aunt and cousin, who for 20, 30 years had held down good business jobs and lived in an all-male-rooms house in suburban, could not understand me. They considered me totally huffy. But even with every luxury and a steady income I could never have faced the sort of life that they traced out for me. They were offended when I told them so. They engaged their sort of life, with regular promotions, raises in pay, the normal five-week holiday, the better car each year.

In 1936 I wrote an account of our sort of life which was published in *English Digest* and readers wrote in to say that they did not believe it; they thought everyone in America was rich, with two houses, a swimming pool, two cars and every possible gadget. Their notions of American and Canadian ways of life had been gleamed from *Californiamedia* films and glossy women's magazines which made their way over the Atlantic. They judged every American woman's kitchen by the appliances they saw in the ads. If they had seen my kitchen. Not even a sink.

We never had anything so costly as a car. The village grocer who lived three miles away delivered foodstuffs once or twice a week. Sometimes when I needed to go to the Post Of-

fice I would walk the three miles with the children in late weather. The sun browned our cheeks and the fragrant meadow breezes played through our hair. It was a tonic and a healthy treatment. What matter that we had no money? We were together, we had our stories and the good Irish air. Another blessing we had was good health, which did not seem to be affected by the deep cold and deprivation of the long winter.

For 10 years we had no radio or TV. The children went to the village school and were educated in French, but at home we spoke English — and while there was no literacy nearly we picked up old books at magazine sales. The long quiet evenings were spent reading or writing, or making rugs for the floor from strips of old canvas coats. One book that appealed to me was *Europe Reborn*, the classic of English country life by R. D. Blackmore. The author shows in this old romance a rare knowledge of country ways and of a rural wisdom that has almost died out. Another lover of the life-close-to-nature is Winifred Deering and I read many of his books. In *Downsday* he reveals this life, too, in at least a dropped from a rock, money-and society. *Downsday* is the name of a farm, and the novel is the story of a grandfather and who put his soul and strength into building a life on the land in harmony with nature.

A friend sent me one or two of the garden books of Marion Cross, a woman who at one time was tied to a city dock in London but who finally could not endure it any longer and ran away to the country. One tale was *The Story Of My Run* and it told with humor and rich detail how she found an old seventeenth-century farmhouse and with her own hands, and those of her husband, built it up into a really pretty and pleasant home, at little cost. Marion Cross's books are rare, but if you should find an old copy at a garage sale, snap it up and treasure it. You will learn a lot about planting an orchard, making a pond, and the delightful art of garden-making in sympathy with existing features. She writes: "I think the day of the highly ornamental garden is passing, and the idea of a garden as an English garden is a thing of the past. We are up against the fact that the garden is on the heart when the eye has to travel from one artificiality to the other and cannot linger as a broad and simple space."

In our shack there was little to read except these old books. We could not afford newspapers and magazines. Once, our groceries came wrapped in an old copy of a city paper, and to my astonishment I saw that at a New York art sale someone had offered out half a million for a small Rembrandt. Why, the view from my back door was more magnificent than any Rembrandt or Kneer or Titian. It changed with the seasons, it was always freshly tinted — and it was free. On a rainy-tuesday April day the sky was transparent blue and silver over the tender grass fields. In May and June the green was richer and the air full of the fragrance of grass and flowers. The blue of fall was deep and lovely, with the maple grove all crimson and scarlet, and the woods myriad shades of russet and gold. Winter was blue and white and silver, and when a snow came there was the ripple of a stream, the world's most soothing music. A stream, black under its heavy white coverlet of snow. A stream in winter is a thing of beauty.

Winters were long and hard, but always in mid-January the cold relaxed its grip, giving us a brief respite. One morning there would be a different sound to the birds, sticks dropped, racking cheerful splashes, the harsh wind softened: the children peeked soft snowballs and yelled with joy. We counted on that respite to help us endure the rest of the winter.

Sometimes we had a garden all round the shack. I went wild purchasing seeds, nudging a trace for flower-

continued on page 54

EVERYBODY SHOULD BE ITALIAN AT LEAST ONCE A YEAR.



Ken Adams, Italian for a week

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GETTING AROUND IN YUGOSLAVIA

BY DOUGLAS H. FULLERTON



Dubrovnik on the Adriatic is really a model for the 13th century—not the 19th.

"Seven borders, six republics, five nations, four languages, three languages two alphabets—and one Tito." You start in Yugoslavia very long before leaving somebody there describe the country just that way. Yet it's not questions about Yugoslav federalism or the political structure of the country that strike you. It's the fascinating mosaic mix of mountains and sea, old and new, of Roman palaces and ultra-modern hotels, of peasant women riding donkeys and kids in the latest gear whizzing past them in new automobiles.

Prime Minister Travka's choice of Yugoslavia for his August holiday (even though it was cut short by the exchange crisis) must have aroused some Chaudin interest in the country—to say nothing of Rhodesia. Tito's visit to Canada last November. We own interest had been almost nonexistent until the summer of 1970 when a group I was with spent a day in Belgrade and Dubrovnik. Belgrade,

the capital of the Yugoslav federation has its attractions, but Dubrovnik is unquestionably one of the world's most interesting and exciting places to visit. Of its charms more later, but all of us who were there on that summer day shared a common goal—in a ritual. And I did, with my wife, late last May.

We wanted to see so much in possible of Yugoslavia on the way, so we flew to Zurich, picked up a little Simca as part of a package deal on our air fare, and off we went via Ljubljana, southern Austria and the Brenner Pass down to Italy.

What were the roads like? Pretty good on balance, but they ranged from superb auto routes, such as the ones through the Brenner Pass and between Venice and Trieste, to fairly narrow, curvy and bumpy roads that were never built for modern traffic.

The approach to Yugoslavia from the southeast led us past Trieste, the Italian port just a few miles from the

border. We had a surprisingly easy border crossing. The guidebooks had warned of possible difficulties, but all we needed was a visa (and you don't even need that anymore, just your passport). No special insurance was required on the car, and though we bought coupons for gasoline we found later they were unnecessary and didn't save us any money. There was a fixed price for gas everywhere: two dinars a liter or about 65 cents a gallon—cheaper than in Italy.

We headed across the neck of the Istrian Peninsula for our night's stop in Rijeka, formerly Fiume, the largest city and port on Yugoslavia's Adriatic coast. A modern and fairly cosmopolitan city, its history is like many others in Yugoslavia: a succession of rulers from a private family in the 14th century to Hapsburgs in the 15th, from a free port in the 18th century to successive control by Croatia, France, Austria, Hungary and, between 1919 and 1945, Italy. While it has its share of visible old buildings, Rijeka is more European than most Yugoslav cities, and many tourists will prefer the nearby beach resort of Opuzen.

The first 125 miles of the coastal highway southeast from Rijeka are spectacular and exhilarating, lovely and frightening. Most of the highway is carved right into the side of mountains which rise 5,000 feet above the sea. The last section even more remarkable when you note that much of the highway has been built up precisely, stone by stone, by hand labor. The road winds endlessly, following each little bay or cove, it demands you occasionally of the dash around Senj on the Caled Trail or of the highway down the Fraser Canyon in British Columbia. But this road is much narrower, and on many of the curves there is no protective barrier to stop an absent-minded motorist from sliding over a 1,000-foot drop into the Adriatic.

Yet if it's exhilarating to concentrate so hard on driving, there are compensations. Each bend in the road brings a different glimpse of limestone mountains, meeting the sea below. It's a battle land, though, and you have only to look at the number of abandoned farms and houses to see how tough a life it must have been for the peasants who scratched an existence from the rock. Everywhere are patches green meadows surrounded by piles of stones, each containing precious earth dug from the crevices in the mountains. The overwhelming impression is dry, hard country.

But it's country that is being green a new future / continued on page 58

Yugoslavia continued / by the tourists. The highway and the resorts springing up along it, built at an enormous cost, are bringing jobs and, with them, hope. The thing that makes you is that, apart from a bit of fishing, there is nothing else for people to do except work in tourist resorts—or take in tourists themselves, some, ZAMEN, CAMBER, CHAMBER, ZAMEN—how many hundred stores did we see this sign or variations of it? When the tourist season is at its peak in the summer months all this accommodation is apparently needed, and if the price of the rooms is low—two dollars or so a night—it helps pay for building improvements, even in restaurants and shops (always left to the tourist to decide, when the rooms are occupied).

As the love languages of the signs suggest, the Yugoslavs speak a wide tourist pat, but their clientele are mainly the sun seekers from northern Europe. Germans are the foreign language most often heard.

Well, what about the hotels and the food? The government classifies hotels as A, B, C, or D. Most of the new ones are in the A or B category, and most of their rooms have private baths. Prices are cheap, the food of a good room for two, with breakfast, ranges from \$10 to \$12 in the B hotels and from \$15 to \$18 in the A ones—depending on the season, location and the quality of the building construction.

The food, alas, leaves a lot to be desired. I think this may be because much of the industry is geared to tourists and thus provides meals based on rather quaint notions of what foreigners want. It is not reassuring to find six hotel restaurants along the coast offering almost identical, while an unimproved menu (you could almost see the cooking schools mass-producing chafin to grind out only the 15 or so meals offered). Lots of food, but not much to excite the palate—and not enough Yugoslavian dishes.

However, we managed to eat very well in some restaurants which catered to the local cruise trade. The better hotels—the Excelsior and the Argentina in Dubrovnik, for example—were fine too. But our price level was the Nade restaurant at Dubrovnik, Dalmatian, Yugoslavians food (for example, *crayfish*) barbecued small rectangular sized portions made of highly spiced ground beef) accompanied by either of two good local red wines, Duga or Podrag.

But back to the trip. Below Zadar the coastal region at places even road and the driving is easier. The

villages drift past, each with its own charm. One delightful little place we found was Primosten, a 16th-century town on an island separated by a causeway to the mainland. Primosten's arches drying in the sun. Blackish fall of dunes (though we never found out whether they were for herbs or wine or what) food-filled roofs. Dockers riding up narrow streets to madden in old stone dwellings. Yet across the bay was a string of new white hotel buildings and beaches dotted with sun umbrellas and tourists.

Split, a port and the second-largest coastal city, has about half way between Rijeka and the Adriatic. In the third century, the Roman Emperor Diocletian built a large and beautiful palace on the sea, and the city later grew up inside the palace walls. The palace—some of it restored, the rest turned into housing and shops—remains the focus of Split today. It's a must for any tourist.

But, for all the wonders of Diocletian's palace, it's just an appetizer for the real "pearl of the Adriatic"—the ancient city of Dubrovnik, 135 miles to the southwest. I know the danger of building up tourist expectations about a place, the higher you raise them the more likely they'll lead to disappointment. All I can say is that I've been to Dubrovnik three times now and find it better each time.

The western approach to the city is disappointing because the new hotels, built around this way. But the ancient walled city soon appears and restores the skyline.

Dubrovnik was founded in the seventh century and its survival is something of a miracle, considering the waves of invaders who swept up and down the coast. Yet by a clever balancing of East against West, by the skills, courage and wealth of its traders, the city remained largely independent and was never largely

A centre of culture in the 16th century, today the old city within the wall is a home for 5,000 people. No cars are allowed on the streets and the centuries of pedestrian traffic have brought a rich pattern to the Dalmatian landscape pavement. You can take a leisurely walk around the top of the wall in an hour, all the while looking down at restaurants and people. And it's ironic in upon you that Dubrovnik is really the model for the city of the 21st century—not the 16th.

The houses, above all, is architectural variety. All roofs are of tile, with a subtle color gradation ranging (and again) from red to orange to yellow.

low to pale cream. All buildings fit the concept of a single unified city, nothing is out of place. No more again, and an underhand one on the mountain 2,000 feet above the city, which presents the drama of STAS TAVEL. In sum, not a museum under glass, but a lived-in city, with budding in the windows and grape vines rising three stories to form a shady grove on a building terrace.

Well, I've only touched lightly on this fascinating country. I've said nothing about the lovely islands off the coast or the ancient cities inland such as Zagreb, Senj, Karlova, Rijeka, Šibenik. I haven't even discussed the capital, Belgrade. Nevertheless, the more I learn of Yugoslavia the more I've convinced that it has few equals as a place to visit. One big reason may be that, apart from the coastal sun worshippers, the country is still largely untouched by the tourist hordes who make so much of Europe's coasts almost unrecognizable at peak season. Better hurry up and get there before it's too late. ■

Where to stay

Driving in Yugoslavia is no problem and your Canadian driver's license is valid. The road signs are frequent and easy to follow. The government travel bureaus throughout the country to point your very hotels and tourist rooms are plentiful and always at your disposal. You should have no trouble finding good accommodations at a price you want to pay—except for hotels in July and August, the peak months for European tourists in Yugoslavia. An excellent hotel guide called *Yugoslavia Hotels* is available at most points of entry. It lists primarily all hotels and their prices by city and season.

There shouldn't be any need to visit ahead for hotel reservations except for your stay in Dubrovnik, and then only if you plan to be there in the high season (the first of June to the end of September). The best hotels there are the Excelsior, the Argentina and the Villa Dubrovnik. Rates range from \$15 to \$30 a day for a double in season and from \$10 to \$20 out of season. But there are lots of other, less expensive hotels and tourist rooms. The choice is much more limited, however, during July and August.

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KEITH SPEICER continues

understanding among Canadians. As a result this dignity and strengthening sense of pride is not unique. It is a very real interest to try to preserve for Canadians as a whole, some what may, our singular heritage of two of the world's most useful and prestigious tongues." He went on to say that in the long run, the kind of education being provided to young Canadians will make or break any bilingualism programs dreamed up in Ottawa. And in a brilliant tactical move he formally endorsed the use of French as the official language of work and culture in Quebec. "The vitality of French everywhere in Canada," he wrote, "will rest on the healthy productivity of French (in Quebec) where francophones form a majority."

I showed the report to Gaetan MP Ferns de Burel, a radical among the federal Liberals who says Trudeau's federalism is beautiful but not working. (He was one of the few Liberal MPs who opposed the Public Order Act of November, 1970.) De Burel said it was really ironic. "Surprised?" I asked. "Not from a man like Keith Spicer," he replied. Burel, however, such words of federalism, was also impressed. "He has situated the problem more cogently than Trudeau who lost the issue in translation," he told me. "Spicer's first guy out of Ottawa to try, for Christ's sake, the problem is in Quebec."

Spicer also used his annual report as a vehicle to comment on the widespread fear among English-speaking public servants that bilingualism is a threat to their careers. He openly revealed a policy of encouraging no designated bilingual positions in just six months before each reorganization, which would enable servants to make a smooth start of language training. Making proposals of this sort is not, strictly speaking, the commissioner's business, which Spicer admits, but it is typical of Spicer to push his mandate as far as it will take him.

Nothing in Keith Spicer's early life suggested he'd become the fiercely bilingual defender of minority languages rights. Son of a small Ontario family going back three generations, Keith and his sister, Helen, were the first urban-born generation. They were brought up in an area of Toronto that was strongly Anglo-Saxon. His parents' friends were people like themselves. Spicer never knew a mother of any other ethnicity on an intimate basis during the whole of his childhood and adolescence. Very successful in high in the household, and both children grew up in an atmosphere of political discussion. "We were free to do whatever we wanted

continued on page 64

Mrs. Hamilton's 16-year-old Maytag keeps working like it was born yesterday.

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With a growing young family to look after, you can imagine how hard that washer has worked right along. Yet it went almost fifteen years before needing its first repair, which Mr. Hamilton did himself at a total cost of \$33.00 for parts. Nowadays it takes 12 to 15 loads a week to keep the laundry in clean things, but that old Maytag takes it all in stride.

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THE DEPENDABILITY PEOPLE

to do as long as we thought Communism," Nelson recalls. "Only WASH could."

Spicer's parents inspired a strong sense of "being Canadian" to both their children. "The most important thing," his mother says, "was that they grew up to be good citizens."

Not surprisingly, Spicer was a super-draftee kid ("He's more of a league now than when he was a teenager," laughs his father), but everyone is the family recalls that as a youngster he had great feeling for the underdog. He wouldn't befriend to

attack an older boy who was beating up someone smaller, and his sister often had to step in to protect him. "It was the two of us against the world," she says. "I was a fat girl and Keith was a little runt."

Spicer's early school career was something less than brilliant. After receiving D for effort all the way through public school, he settled down to a comfortable 65% average, which he maintained proudly because anything less would have cost him his place in the school band where he played trumpet.

Reading French on curriculum boxes, he became convinced that the studies that three white Canadian kids who subtly spoke that language, and a French pen pal who sent him a picture of herself in shorts and a sweater, less the adverbial verb and the intensity of the French, was an sure way and a constant. There was also a rather loudly enthusiastic teacher whose devotion to the fine points of grammar and pronunciation meant he had to repeat everything until it was right. Spicer told me he was going to send a copy of his report, and suddenly his eyes were tearing with tears. ("Yeah, I'm emotional about a lot of things.") Eventually, he married a French girl, and once made headlines by saying that the best place to learn French is in bed. (He and his wife are now separated.)

Spicer planned to study music at the University of Toronto but his mother thought all musicians were crazy, so the day before classes began he enrolled in Modern Languages where he specialized in French. He claimed members here at such and as having an self-imposed opinion of his own whimsy. "I've never drunk of Keith as modest or self-effacing," he says, "but he'd be capable of appearing modest and self-effacing. He's the kind of person you either feel attracted to or you hate. If you feel attracted to him, you find yourself being taken care his enthusiasm and forgiving him the frustration he's caused you."

When he went to France as a student, Spicer was still, in his own words, a "rude Tory" (he kept a large picture of John Diefenbaker in his Paris room) and remained staunchly pro-Commonwealth for quite a while. During the Sixt years, he wrote a letter to Anthony Eden, the British prime minister, apologizing for the position taken by Lester Pearson. According to McCallister, Spicer was on the right during the Algeria war, as well. "Always, dashin' you, but it could have been an idealism of the night or the left."

He completed a doctorate in Political Science at the University of Toronto in 1962. While writing his thesis he helped found Canada's Overseas Volunteers, a forerunner of CUSO (Canadian University Service Overseas). Over the next few years, he taught political science at several Ontario universities, wrote speeches for Forrester, worked as a researcher for the Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism, expiring out of "desperate impotence" at the slow pace of change, did regular political commentary on French-language radio and TV and wrote editorials for To-

day's Globe and Mail. He also tried for the nomination as a Liberal candidate in Scarborough East in the 1968 federal election and he was booted for discussing personality rights, at the height of Trudeau's war on the Viet Nam policy. (He wrote a highly flustering article on Trudeau for the Globe, posthumously entitled *Stronger He Is, Not Not A Stronger*, in which he attempted to dispel the negative aura surrounding Trudeau. And, although he still admires the Prime Minister personally, he refuses to endorse him politically.)

Globe and Mail editor Richard Doyle, who hired Spicer as an editorial writer, describes him as "inside of the road, politically, definitely not to the left," but a former colleague on the Globe editorial board says Spicer resembled the newspaper's aptly titled toward both France and Quebec. That same colleague recalls a cynicism and self-depressing quality about Spicer. "He was twirling at Scarborough College at the time as he was working with us, and he'd refer to all academics, including himself, as con men and freelancers" (Ironically, Paul Fox describes Spicer's Scarborough College course on French-Canadian studies as "the best of its kind ever organized in North America"). Doyle agrees that when the Official Languages Act went along Spicer was obviously the man for the job, but he admits he had some doubts about Spicer's ability as an administrator and his reaction is stilling as to a single issue.

Doyle calls it "nervous energy," Paul Fox "enthusiasm," and Spicer himself says he's "unstable." The plain fact is he has never stayed anywhere more than three years. Keith's own problem is that his hands have tried to demolish his great energy into something sustained and productive," says Fox. "When you're that gifted, what's it all going?"

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Storpy is perhaps the most optimistic forecast possible for the future of bilingualism in Canada, given the climate of antagonism, mistrust and malaffection that now prevails between Quebec and the rest of the country. Indeed, Keith Spicer's job seems an anachronism, a joke when you listen to even like Claude Morin, Quebec's deputy minister of industrial-promotional affairs, who thinks biling-

ualism is useless. "Canadian unity doesn't depend on the extension of the French language all over the place," he says. "It depends on the strength of Quebec." Or François Charest, the bourgeois governor of the province of Quebec. "National unity," he says, "will not be achieved through bilingualism. It will be achieved by getting down to basic problems such as regional disparities and a redistribution of powers. If English-Canadians think bilingualism can solve any problems in Canada, they're just out there."

So you ask Spicer, is there any hope? And his response almost always follows the same line. "All that matters is the simple need to recognize the other guy's dignity, and that will always remain valid. No matter what happens, Quebec's not likely to get on roller skates and go off to the Big Islands. I will probably stay right here on this continent, so in the long term the forces of continuity will likely be stronger than the forces of separation. If we can communicate and respect each other, the political solutions just don't matter."

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insane ride to Anasokis made sense, if the White House press corps had seen this gathering of capital-luxury premises, the critics might not have known within minutes that something exceptional was being seen.

And so it was, as the President made clear soon after he had hosted his first into a mood, headed back to gate out of the monstrous penthouse, and began talking. The time had come, he said, to consider the American economy and that was what they were going to do this very week-end. He laid out some of the issues. Inflation was on the rise, in the single month of July industrial wholesale prices had jumped 7%, the fastest monthly increase in nearly six years. The U.S. was running a deficit in her balance of payments, because of Vietnam, foreign aid and capital exports abroad. Vietnam alone had drained five billion dollars a year out of the country for years, during the first half of 1971, the overall imbalance was running at an annual rate of more than \$20 billion. Now even U.S. exports were in trouble. In 1971, for the first time in nearly a century, the country would be as red as merchandise trade.

As a result, the American deficit was under attack from spenders who claimed that it would have to be derided. The rise on the dollar was approaching crisis proportions, U.S. gold reserves were down to \$30 billion, and yesterday, August 12, for the first time in over four billion dollars of debt if other nations followed suit, demanding gold for U.S. dollars, America would be bankrupt abroad.

There was trouble at home, too. 5,700,000 Americans were unemployed, stock prices had declined 100 points on the Dow Jones index since April, and consumer confidence, as reflected in spending intentions, was evaporating fast. This gloom had been gathering for some time, and all the while the President's chief economic adviser, George Shultz, had been considering how to hold fast and rebuke direct intervention in the economy. Up until now he had listened, but there were political developments that cut much closer to the bone.

A Gallup poll in early August had shown the Democrats with a two-to-one advantage over Republicans on economic issues, a private poll by Albert Sundinger had shown that only 27% of respondents named Nixon as their first presidential choice for 1972, and 70% thought he was doing "nothing" about the economy. Congress was getting restless, too. The Senate's Wednesday Club, a group of moderate Republicans, had advocated

a wage-price commission, and over at the House of Representatives, Wilbur Mills, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, was said to be brooding up his own version.

Strong medicine was required, and Nixon proceeded to administer it. Weeks earlier, three advisers who opposed the steady-as-the-goats approach had begun collecting evidence and ideas. John Connally, for one, had asked his staff to write him memos about "anything that occurred to them" to improve the U.S. position. Spurred by this call on gold, Nixon meant to act now on the proffered advice with three proposals, which he laid before the Camp David meeting.

First, there would be a 90-day freeze on prices and wages to check inflation (later, the freeze would be replaced by a set of administered guidelines). Secondly, the U.S. would no longer convert dollars into gold, and that would ease the immediate pressure on shrinking gold reserves (it would also, in effect, devalue the dollar). Thirdly, there would be a number of steps to encourage American

"We were in a bind," said a U.S. official, "but you wouldn't talk. The surcharge meant you damn well had to."

spending and protect domestic markets from foreign competition, and that would ensure confidence and bring foreign payments back into balance. There would be tax concessions, "tax American" policies, removal of the excise on U.S.-produced goods and a 30% surcharge on foreign goods entering the U.S. market. This last step would have the double effect of protecting the home market and by threatening world trade, bringing other nations to the bargaining table to discuss a new international monetary structure. (A senior Treasury official later told me, "We were in a bind and other countries, including your own, kept saying, 'Yes, yes, we'll talk about it.' But you wouldn't talk. When the surcharge went on, you damn well had to talk.")

These major decisions were not open for debate; the President had already made them. The Camp David meeting was called to implement them. Nor was there much discussion of the impact of the new program on Canada. Japan was a worry, certainly, the Japanese would not be happy. The Canadians, well, they wouldn't be happy either, but what could they do?

As it happened, we didn't even know anything needed doing, not yet. Friday, August 13, was the day Frank Meyer, Treasury's chief aide, Margaret, Michael Perle, deputy secretary in the cabinet, and an RCMP guard left Ottawa for a 23-day work-and-holiday cruise to begin in Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia. Mitchell Sharp, Secretary of State for External Affairs, was holidaying in Scotland, and Finance Minister Edgar Benson was on his way to Nijmegen, in the Netherlands, his wife's hometown. Treasury Board President C. M. Drury was the acting prime minister, and he would spend the weekend at a cottage in the Guelph Hills. Even the Canadian ambassador to the U.S. was away fishing, 100 miles north of Ottawa. Canadian officials knew of the pressures on the U.S. economy, of course, but no one expected any action so tough, so decisive, or so soon. Canada divided in two.

SECOND DAY. There was little change on Saturday, August 14. Prime Minister Trudeau arrived in Vienna, changed plans for the flight to Bulgaria, and made the last leg of the trip to the Adriatic coast in President Tito's private jet. At Dubrovnik, a 73-foot yacht, the *Phaetone*, had been rented by our embassy for the PM's holiday on. Finance Minister Benson arrived in the Netherlands, and External Affairs Minister Sharp was preparing to leave Scotland for home. In Ottawa, it was a sunny day, with a temperature in the 80s.

In Washington, the newspapers were picking up hints of the Camp David meeting and running sporadic live stories about the economy, though no one knew the critical decisions were already being planned.

THIRD DAY. By the morning of Sunday, August 15, the bulk of the Camp David planning was done. The advisers signed the guest book, received commemorative plaques adorned with the Camp David crest and, shortly after noon, returned to Washington.

Back in the capital, Nixon was busy to telephone a list of 100 important business and political leaders to up them off to the speech coming on television at 9 p.m. At 8 p.m., the White House press corps was locked into a briefing room and told about the new program. They would not be released to spread the word until after the broadcast. About the same time, Secretary of State William Foster called Prime Minister Shide of Japan to give him advance warning.

In Ottawa, it was quiet. That afternoon, John Young, chairman of the Prices and Incomes Commission, continued on page 18



One of the finest Canadian whiskies this country has ever tasted.

visited a friend's cottage, where they argued about the state of the U.S. economy. The next morning they flew home. Mitchell Sharp arrived back from Scotland and went straight home to bed. Awake or asleep he became, automatically, acting prime minister. The next morning he went to the day room, where he found the Foreign, off the Yugoslav coast.

At 8:35 p.m. U.S. Secretary of State James Earl Carter with a telephone call and advised him to catch the Noon broadcast live on the radio. Within 30 minutes, Nixon had heard the nation's news, and the news he planned to meet them. Sharp gripped at once the significance of the surcharge, and began to make calls of his own, for a meeting to raise Canadian response.

FOURTH DAY. At 9 a.m. on Monday, August 16th, after inter-ference in the headquarters of the Department of Finance, a team's three from Parliament Hill. Chairman the meeting was Simon Ramo, the deputy finance minister, he was backed by Stephen Harrell-Welch, director of the international trade division. Marshall Crowe and David Hughes represented the Privy Council Office, Klaus Goldschmidt, director-general of the bureau of western hemisphere affairs, spoke for External, Deputy Minister John Munro for Industry, Trade and Commerce and Bill Lawson for the Bank of Canada. John Young, whose advisory duties seem to run far beyond prices and wages, was also on hand.

This was a meeting equivalent to the Camp David gathering, though it lacked a presidential presence. Virtually, the technocrats would make no decisions — those are the prerogative of the politicians — but in fact they agreed on three fundamental points, which still seem to serve as the underpinning for Canada's approach to the new Nixonism:

1. There was immediate, sympathetic acceptance both of the American need to act and of most of the action taken. As one of those who attended said, "We knew that the U.S. was not our friend, if only by inference, and anything we could do to help we wanted to do." It might have been argued that the U.S. was not so much in our own drive to be the first among all nations, but no one said that. No responsible Canadian ever suggested to Nixon that he turn his foreign spending to his rather than try to goose the funds out of his trading partners by reworking the balance of payments in America's favor.

2. There was agreement, too, that Canada would take no retaliatory

measures. The auto-trade pact was often cited as a reason why we were more likely to receive a favorable balance in trade with the U.S. (though, when translates such as dividends, interest, salaries and royalties are included, we are still in deficit). In July, a full month before Nixon decided to impose the surcharge, a preliminary meeting had taken place in Washington to discuss removal of the safeguards protecting Canada in the trade pact. We did not withdraw from those talks to establish a stronger bargaining position. Nor was any Canadian given to any of the other steps available to us — critically depriving our dollar to offset the surcharge, applying discriminatory taxes to U.S. firms here, or using resource exports as a bargaining lever. We began with the position that we would take no countermeasures and, anyway, gave away all our chips, and walked out with their shorts and shoes.

3. A decision was made at once to press for an exemption to the surcharge. "We didn't even think about it much," said one participant, "it was a

Canada decided to press for an exemption. "It was," said one Canadian official, "a conditioned reflex."

conditioned reflex." There was not much hope of getting such an exemption, but the experts felt that not to ask for it would anger Canadian voters. That decision left us in no position to opt out of the U.S. right to impose a penalty on her trading partners or her wisdom in doing so. The wisest part we tried came down to: "Don't hit me like Billy."

The consensus of that morning meeting was reinforced in the subsequent committee on economic planning — attended by cabinet ministers as economic portfolios and their civil service aides — and later to the full cabinet. By late afternoon, Canada's essential position was laid down, and divisions were advised to call friends home and to request a meeting with Connolly to press for the exemption.

In Washington, Monday was the day the administration began to sell its new package. The President called in administration officials for a brief pep talk, then drew the officials at dinner imposing the wage-price freeze and the surcharge. At noon, Connolly met the press to explain why the government had suddenly reversed itself and, in the meantime, the Office of Emergency Preparedness, which nor-

mally deals with such national disasters as earthquakes, set up improvised offices to receive complaints about violations of the freeze. The first call in Washington came from a consumer faced with a sudden 20-cent hike in the price of a carton of evaporator. By nightfall, the OEP had a catalogue of all such consumer advisement for possible action at some future date.

FIFTH DAY. On Tuesday, August 17, the selling of the program continued with a White House meeting between Nixon and leaders of the Congress. Nixon nodded assent to Wren and Nixon Chairman Mills. "Willis," he said, "there are some of your ideas." Mills could hardly at the small joke. The President's action had certainly formulated any move on Mills' part. As Eliot Janeway, the New York editorialist and sociologist, said, "Nixon had slipped into the Democrats' closet and walked out with their shorts and shoes."

At 7 p.m. the President flew to New York to address the Knights of Columbus and tell them that he had visited America, which had led to fight before with our own had helped it back by "unfair foreign competition" — he meant that other nations were keeping their currencies pegged low to give them a trading advantage. He would make the same point often over the next four days or a five-day selling tour. He took along his daughter Julie for support and cheerfulness, and they were well received with signs that read Nixon is not, Nixon is cool, and Nixon means peace.

In Ottawa that day, the serious business of evaluating the cost of the surcharge began. Experts in the Department of Industry, Trade and Commerce, armed with tariff lists and the surcharge regulations, began an item-by-item study of the impact to come. They considered that about \$2.8 billion in Canadian trade would be affected annually. That, faced with a sudden 10% cost boost, many of our goods would lose their hold in the U.S. market and that we could lose 90,000 jobs in a retail 11th floor retail figures with a Treasury official in Washington who had just finished saying that "neither of our two countries has the right to solve its economic problems at the expense of the other." He replied that the surcharge was not permanent — and indeed, the President referred to it from the first in his speech — and that "if our economy is suffering, your action is for your good."

While the experts reckoned the cost of Nixon's speech, External Affairs was dispatching its text in the brief-

Prime Minister Cultural Affairs Secretary Murray Fairweather flew from the embassy in Belgrade to Dubrovnik, seated a lunch and interpreted the Passage as it entered the Adriatic. Later, Michael Fielding, radical aide to the House Speaker in Detroit, where Senate Leader Paul Martin happened to be an holiday, and the Prime Minister and the senator met to discuss the crisis. Trudeau appeared not to be worried. When Robert Kennedy of the Toronto Star flew to earth and asked for a statement, Trudeau replied, "I never comment to the press while I am on vacation."

SIXTH DAY. In fact, the Prime Minister's vacation was about to end. At 1:15 on the morning of Wednesday, August 18, Prime Minister Nixon flew into Upstate Airport at Ottawa, described the surcharge as "very upsetting" and worried that a "youthful cause work to the benefit of the United States as far as Canada is concerned. It may very well undermine their ability to increase their exports to Canada." He pointed out that we were not one of the nations over-coming unfairly with the U.S.; over-come had been floating upward since May, 1970.

At 3:45 a.m., a cabinet meeting saved Nixon and Trade Minister Jean-Luc Laporte to head the mission to Washington, and resolved to call the Prime Minister home. He was escorted by a limousine between the flat black and the Passage and he arranged to stay at Dubrovnik overnight, starting for Montreal early the next day.

In the U.S., Nixon stopped at the Sheraton in Springfield, Illinois, and avoided the magic aura of Lincoln in support of his new policies. He said Lincoln was "a very strong man, a very competitive man." Being No. 1 remained high on the President's order of priorities.

SEVENTH DAY. Two things happened about the same time on Thursday morning, August 19. John Connolly, an OPEC's Today show, indicated that the Canadian mission to Washington scheduled for that afternoon was probably a waste of time. "I think it's apparent that I'm not with our own arguments to respond to their request for an exemption to the surcharge," he said. He indicated that, in 1962, Canada had imposed a surcharge of 5% on the U.S. and had requested an exemption and had been refused. (As a matter of fact, that was not exactly true. We had imposed a surcharge, but no U.S. request for an exemption was ever made, and the measure was lifted as soon as the

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ULTIMATUM

mentary crisis that inspired it had passed I just about the time Connolly was meeting the facts. The Canadian delegation was flying aboard a jet in Ottawa to fly down to request some thing that we knew, and the Americans knew, we could not receive. In fact, Canadian legal experts had missed the point this even if Nelson wanted to give us an exemption he probably couldn't make U.S. law. No matter, the point of the trip was political not economic, to convince Canadian voters everything possible had been done. The mission took off.

The 24th meeting after that took place at the Treasury Department amid with Connolly's promise to "consider" Canada's case. Our ministers found him a difficult man to deal with. As one senior External Affairs man put it, "We had been used to dealing with New Englanders and we didn't know what to make of this Texas longhorn. New Englanders say, 'The not sure you are stating the facts fully.' Connolly says, 'Aw, hell.' What do you do with that?"

At a subsequent press conference, Prime Minister Benson called the meeting a partial success because at least the Canadian point of view was placed officially before the admission

mission. Marcel Côté, our Washington ambassador, makes the point that "the government was bound to be blamed whether a delegation came to Washington or not. It chose to be blamed for doing something rather than for doing nothing."

By the end of that day, so great Canadian expectations remained. The delegation returned to Ottawa only minutes ahead of the Prime Minister, who was lashed down Montreal by Michael Sharp in a Department of Transport jet. He descended at Up-lands airport looking tired and fit and wearing sports clothes. He avoided anyone who needed hearing that we were not dead at the U.S.

Canada does not like rise with the decision of the United States to grapple with its economic problems our message to the United States is quite simple. We understand your problem, we sympathize wholeheartedly with your goal of a healthy economy, we suggest only that the application of your surcharge to Canadian exports constitutes in no way to the attainment of that goal.

There would be just in case anyone was worried, no Canadian resolution.

The American actions of that week

in August provided a world monetary crisis that ended only in December, when the great trading nations agreed to resolve their currency upward to raise the U.S. demand for faster international competition. Canadian currency, however, continued to float, and that was read as a triumph for Canadian shrewdness and skill, because it meant that we could retain flexibility in our trading. Finance Minister Benson argued before the annual meeting of the Group of Ten at the International Monetary Fund that Canada, because of its close ties to the U.S., must be allowed flexibility to react to U.S. changes. It was a strong argument, but not the selling one as Treasury Secretary Connolly made clear. The U.S. didn't mind Canada keeping a floating dollar, he said, because he thought it would float upward. That would leave us at a disadvantage with U.S. imports.

But the real bad long news seemed to be the decision to raise our currency, it had become the degree of our dependency on American goods for economic survival. Benson's argument was an acknowledgment of our dilemma as a final answer to the constraints we had been facing since the whole jelling exercise began. ■

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style — among those who believe that you are what you wear, costume proclaiming that men are more than merely machismo, they're operators.

For any woman who wants to go macho measuring while the machistas are out grilling on the sunny steppes of spring the following guidelines may help:

- The middle-class male with pretensions to machismo may never get himself in a real macho costume but he'll add macho touches to his everyday wear: fringe horns, wrist watch or with big wide black leather bands, dress with neck studs, leather pants with frayed hems, and cotton band darts knotted around the neck, all very pre-credits turned up at the collar and in the summer, a safari vest in khaki.

- In the movies new stars are displaying few macho horns, most of the new stars (Dwight Dennen, Richard Benjamin) belong to the general adolescent or groping gentle male category but actors like Robert Redford and Jack Nicholson (in *Five Easy Pieces*) but not Cornell Woolf, edge are trying. Clark Gable, film-play Regard and Robert Mitchum were prototype machistas, but the greatest macho star of all time was probably Marlon Brando playing Stanley Kowalski in *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

- Macho males often have hands called Beef or Fatty who are not as macho as their hero but who laugh a lot at his jokes and envy him his style. The sidekick in fact is an important part of macho psychology — Don

Quasimodo was a ruffled road macho hero and his head Scarce Paces. Hopalong Cassidy was a cowboy macho hero, and he said California. There are even sidekicks for macho politicians and they tend to take the blame for the hero's feelings as Ted Sorensen did for John Kennedy and More Leland did for Perry Treadwell.

- Macho singers are macho and so are careful musicians, are rock fans. Think of Jimi Hendrix, the Grateful Dead, the Rolling Stones, Country Joe and the Fish and the Beatles in their heyday. The Beatles stopped being macho — and stopped being a group — when a couple of spring-minded women came into their lives, which bears out Laurel Tager's theory, as expounded in *Men In Groups*, that males don't bond to each other when women just separate to them in anything more than sexual objects.

- Most folk singers are not macho but Gordon Lightfoot writes some macho songs. (Think of the lines in *That's What You Get For Loving Me*: "I just the kind to hang around / With any new love that I've found / I've got a hundred more like you / I'll have a thousand time I'm through.")

- The macho man tends to carry a quiet, accepting, adoring knowledge pretty girl who shortly becomes old and revenged with lines in her face and a light look about the mouth that's more pronounced when she's referred to as "my old lady" and left at home to look after the kids and the dogs while the hero is out drinking beer and making outrageous breads who aren't going to become anybody's

old lady — not if they can help it.

- The machos here tend to call an intelligent girl saying intelligent things "a chick who can't hang out." In fact, he is usually put off by any intelligent and/or strong-minded woman (unless she happens to be his mother) and he divides women into two groups: the dumb and silly and the smart, cunning and malicious.

The trouble with the new machos though is that it's hard to be sure it's authentic no matter how many macho visual aids to macho-watching you may have to go by. Midnight cowboys, bikers and the daemons of Guy Fawkesian home packed up on the macho style to make a point about their existence that may be clearer to the social psychologists than it is to anybody else. The old machos came out of a culture where sexual roles were clearly defined: we live in a time and place where people put on costumes to hide their insecurities and to reward themselves of who they think they are.

You have to remember, too, that in even the most sympathetic, ostensibly macho-movie, up-machos man, there lurks something of the machos and in all but the truly liberated women there is some terrible unspoken desire for this attitude.

Not very long ago in the company of an intelligent, self-sufficient, reasonably sophisticated friend of mine, I was ambulating on the freeway the so that machos or the masculinity myth is an anachronism in the second half of the 20th century, that it ought to be possible, as Gloria Steinem says for the so-called masculine and feminine virtues to lose their gender so that we could have courage, daring and resourcefulness acceptable in women and charity, mercy and tenderness acceptable in men and nobody would have to play at being aggressive, dominant or dependent/puissant in order to prove their sexuality.

She nodded in tacit agreement all the time I was talking but half an hour later, when we'd moved on to a discussion of great *latah* poetry we had known, she said in dreamy seriousness: "You know I've always liked that really terrible poem by Richard Lovelace or, anyway, one of the Cavalier poets which is about a soldier coming back to his lady from a war and ends with the fabulous line: And he pleased her with his boots on." She caught me laughing and, with a valiant attempt at wit, we agreed that it's going to take more than 5,000 women's libbers objecting and 500 so-called gals directing to kill the macho myth. It seems, alas and innately, to be programmed into the race. ■



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the same so it's the personal contact that counts. If we hear of some corporate business coming up, if necessary we'll look at the names of the company's directors and try to get in there through our own directors and their connections. If we heard a big deal was coming up in the West we wouldn't hesitate a minute to call up one of our private directors to see if he could get in some of the action."

While the banks and more than half of their directors or the directors make more use of the banks in a more potent. The directors certainly add their knowledge to boardroom considerations but they also gain a great deal of business intelligence themselves from their directors, from bank executives who study the economy's general trends and from the bank chairman who maintain regular contact with the Bank of Canada.

Proceedings differ, but most bank boards or their committees or regional committees get together at least once a week. Each meeting is followed by lunch in the bank's dining chambers. The Bank of Nova Scotia has the most formal procedure: each director is elected a large agenda book open before him, for a meeting and his own blue satin lined, name-lined, breadboard chair, which he gets to keep when he leaves the board. All bank requests for more than a million are reviewed individually. The only time a director must leave the board-

room (and there's a \$5,000 fine for the bank and the director if he does it) is when a loan to his own company is being discussed. The banks will not disclose any figures on how high a percentage of their credit is extended to their own directors, but the Royal Commission on Banking and Finance reported in 1962 that about 30% of all authorized credit lines of \$100,000 or more were "to directors, their firms or corporations of which they were officers or directors."

Directors are paid various amounts, never less than \$75, for every board meeting they attend and they must own at least 2,500 shares in a bank before they can be named to its board. At today's market prices, this can mean an investment of about \$50,000. Bankers like to point out that it's this requirement that prevents the boards from reflecting the real character of the communities in which they operate. But the fact is that the banks don't really want their boards to include anyone but representatives of big business. An enlightened exception is Senator John Aird, a Bank of Nova Scotia director who says "I would like to see the banks gamble with more younger directors from many walks of life. It's not so easy thing to change, but too many boards are self-perpetuating, they should have a much wider representation."

Bank directors are entitled, among other privileges, to use the bank's pri-

vate aircraft on banking business. (The Royal, the Montreal and the Toronto-Dominion operate their own jets) but exactly how much they have to do with actually raising the banks is unclear. "There are a lot of policy things you consult your board on," says Earle McLaughlin, the Royal's chairman "but the day-to-day running of the bank is in the hands of the professionals, some as my company." Allen Lambert, chairman of the Toronto-Dominion, lists the main functions of his board as "assessment of management and replacement of it when needed, so that management can't put get into place and stay there regardless of how it performs, plus determination of all major loans."

No one, in or out of the banking system, ever recalls a board actually reversing any important bank policy. "I haven't heard even by the grapevine of any director who has ever made things difficult for management," says E. P. Neufeldt, the University of Toronto economist who is Canada's best-known banking authority. Some directors complain that they are asked merely to rubber stamp management's decisions. But few bank shareholders seem worried about not being adequately represented by the directors they elect. At the 1970 annual meeting of the Banque Canadienne Nationale, a resolution was passed by shareholders comprising "banks and every one of the bank's directors for the excellent results achieved during the past financial year."

"Almost the sole purpose of appointing directors to banks is because of the business they bring and retain," says A. G. G. Smith, head of Toronto Corporation, a Toronto-based institutional investment house. "The thing that really bothers me is that the banking system, through constant consolidation, has become a pretty monolithic structure, and this is bound to have an effect on credit-lending attitudes, making the banks much less flexible. So far, the banking system has served Canada not too badly, but I'm wondering, looking down the line a little, whether this monolithic structure is going to serve as well in the future."

Though the bankers agree with each other on such and every principle in their system of values, competition among them for large corporate accounts can be fierce. The late James Blair, one of Earle McLaughlin's predecessors as chairman of the Royal, once heard that a group of American private financiers was coming up to Montreal in a private car on the overnight train from Chi-

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PROFITS

GREEN GROW THE BRANCHES



The banks act as arbitrators between savers and spenders. They make their profits out of the difference between what they pay for money (interest rates on deposits) and what they get for money (loans) (interest rates on loans). The banks themselves measure their efficiency by their "return on assets" or "return on equity" which accurately reflect the difference between revenue generated and expenses paid. On this basis, Canadian bank profits reached about \$400 million in 1971. A recent study by Richardson Securities of Winnipeg predicts that bank profits will increase 34% this year, making them an investment of 1968.

The Richardson survey shows that during the past five years, Toronto-Dominion

has experienced the fastest increase of revenue among the big five, while the Bank of Montreal has the slowest. According to the study, average growth of the banks should average 11.5% annually over the next five years with balance of revenue calculated to reach \$400 million by 1975.

The banks currently study all of their corporate accounts to make profit performance and will automatically try to do it. "We're looking at accounts to a company. When you're dealing with a company," says John Coleman, the Royal's deputy chairman, "it's small spread on money. We consider each branch a profit centre which can influence most things except the cost of money."

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Bell Canada

THE BANKERS

ago with a lot of investment capital and an established banking connection in Canada. He decided to meet them first in the Windsor Station, but as he was joining the platform he spotted a rival bank's Cadillac pulling up. According to the *strenuous* board the train was 30 minutes late. Mar leaped into his overcoat and drove to Montreal West, the second to last station at which the train would stop before reaching the Windsor terminus. He jumped on the private coach just as it was pulling out, and persuaded the Chicago president to get off at Westport: the next stop, rather than face fighting the traffic of midtown Montreal. He signed them up, while back at Windsor Station his competitor was still puzzling over the visitors' mysterious disappearance.

There is no business in this country, say more competitive than banking," says Donald Anderson, who until recently was executive vice-president of the Royal. "To get new accounts, you offer your personality and demonstrate your familiarity with the client's business." When Anderson was manager of the Calgary branch, he and an associate, Mike Rankin, now vice-president in Toronto, decided to donate a trophy for the proposed Oldman's Golf Tournament, being sponsored by a group within the Petroleum Club in Calgary. Because there was an agreement among banks at that time that no bank sponsored trophy could be worth more than \$25, Anderson and Rankin decided to buy the cup out of their own pockets. While their boss, James Muir, heard about it, he immediately arranged for the purchase of an Indian sterling-silver one bowl for \$3,500. It became the Royal Bank Trophy which is still awarded every year at the Oldman's Golf Tournament, though the games by which the Royal commemorated the \$25 limit were never made clear.

After most making of new accounts takes place at the elegant bank's bankers hold for prospective clients in the dining chambers off their head office boardrooms, guest lists for these lunches are discreetly guarded. Eadie McLaughlin, Canada's most influential banker, stood recently with a visitor in the Royal's private dining room on the 11th floor of the Place Ville Marie complex in downtown Montreal. "Look over there," he said, pointing to the extremely ornate Bank of Montreal headquarters on Place d'Armes, which is presided over by the much more conservative Arnold Hall. "I'm always kidding Arnold that all I have to do is get out my binoculars to tell who he's dealing with."

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Whenever a bank captures a major account from a competitor (like the Labatt's switch from the Nova Scotia to the Commerce in 1967), it's an event that shakes the business world. Such a switch is rarely made abruptly, usually, it's a gradual process. "The business community is pretty small and nobody is ready to be upped or edged deliberately," says a former bank executive. "What usually happens is that the president of a company may be a member of the same club or have a summer cottage near an executive or a director of the bank that's trying to get his head in the door. It's suggested to him that he start a small account with the new bank — just to get the feet of it. It's flattered by all the attention being paid to him, and more and more credit lines are stretched to his

new banking institution. The process is so gradual that he never realizes office doesn't matter he has lost the account until it's too late."

Corporations deliberately play banks off against each other to get the best deal possible, and some of the more aggressive corporate guests — Angus Corporation, Foster Corporation, International Nickel and Noranda among them — now have representatives on more than one bank board. "Public criticism of the banks usually focuses on the leading side of our operations, assuming us of all having the same rules, but I don't see how you can have a different rate for any given credit line," says B. M. Macdonald, deputy chief general manager of the Nova Scotia. "Let's say that Bell Canada was getting its money for 7% from the Bank of Montreal and we

were to come along and offer 6.5%." First of all, the Montreal would match it because they wouldn't want to lose the account, and then they might try to retell us by undercutting us with somebody else. The same kind of thing happens in the consumer field. If one bank raises its rate on deposits or loans or on car loans, if you don't, you start to get calls from branches all over the country, saying, "You know, what are you up to down there? We're going to lose seven depositors across the street this afternoon. So you quickly come into here. There can really be only one price for money, it's an international product."

An example of how the competition among banks works was provided in 1970 by the abrupt decision of Leonard Walker, president of the Bank of Montreal, to cut the prime interest rate from 8% to 6%, effective June 15. Nothing happened for a week. Walker began to get nervous and placed full-page ads in dailies across the country, appealing to the public to support his decision with new deposits. That broke the resistance. By noon of the day the ads appeared, the Royal then the Toronto-Dominion leapt into line and were followed by all the others by the end of the day.

Banking isn't a business in which you can charge customers hefty fees quickly," says Dick Thomson, vice-president and chief general manager of the Toronto-Dominion. "The time when you're most likely to switch bank accounts is when you're moving, recently married or taking a new job — otherwise, a bank connection is something of a professional allegiance, like the relationship with your doctor or lawyer. And this goes for corporations as well as for individuals. [The bank of banking] business is in the form of loans to small merchants, retailers and bankers.] When people do much, location is one way to attract them and we try very hard to get as close to our customers as possible. If we hear that Safeway is Calgary, for example, is going into a new area, we'll try and go in with them."

Banks often use corporate loans to large firms as leverage to get their payroll accounts and the right to install machines on the company's street floors. [The quickest way to find out who any big company's chief bankers are is to look for the name of the bank branch located on the same floor of its head office building.] The banks' regional representatives are some of the best informal financial men in Canada, constantly collecting

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BACK THEN

STUFFY AND NONSENSE

Not too long ago, Canada's banks were swathed in bureaucratic insulation. They acted as if they were doing deposits a favor by accepting their money, they issued their own currency (until 1975) and their operating heads were almost automatically knighted.

When Lord Chalmers, now Chancellor of York University, was a young banker and Ford editor in 1924, he was granted an interview with Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor (above), general manager of the Bank of Montreal. "My appointment was far ahead of my class," Chalmers recalls. "I had chess hall on foot with him and then, at half past twelve, he stood up — he looked immaculate in me — and went around a screen. He said 'Keep on talking. And he changed his striped trousers to another set of striped trousers. He came out and put on his grey gloves. He thanked me for coming in. He greeted a friend and an assistant in a fragrant uniform opened the door of his office. He walked in and at the inner door of the bank leading to the street. Two attendants there opened the double doors. Another attendant opened the door outside. Still another one, with a brown bowtie also was in early winter, except the steps for him to his car where a uniform chauffeur was waiting to take him to the Mount Royal Hotel for lunch. This kind of grandeur reflected the character of the banks which at that time didn't have much



interest in the public or small businessmen — except to try to impress them." One of the most influential bankers in those days was Albert Brown, director of the Royal between 1912 and 1934. He was so parsimonious that when he was coming for his wife, who lived in Oak Bay, C.B., he made her a letter each day reminding her only once a week to wire on postage. He created this code of his three male secretaries, each of his notebooks and of Brown caught one unprepared he would immediately begin dictating a letter which the unfortunate assistant would have to take down on the slatted roll of his shirt. Brown once asked a young CNR messenger because the boy had the nerve to whistle while riding the same train with him.

The banks were so rigid in those days that when one young clerk had the courtesy to write a letter to his head office on his new typewriter it brought a reply to the effect that "if you cannot pen a legible hand, you have lost your job." Subsequent to the Yukon gold, on the other hand, was named down for a messenger job by the Bank of British North America at Dawson in 1938 on \$80 annually. "Their mind be something wrong with a man who would be eager to get so named a position when he can sign his name in such a beautiful hand. Service was accepted by the Bank of Commerce and served as a clerk in Dawson while writing his *Silver Of A Sourdough*.

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THE BANKERS

data on potential business development. "I see up my competition all the time," says Gordon Leonard, the Commerce's regional vice-president in Calgary. "Alan, I search the financial in annual reports of companies so I find out what major developments are proposed to see whether or not we might be of assistance in financing them."

Because they are big, powerful and omnipresent, the banks are often seen to charge of collusion. Bank chairman not so if they didn't know one another's last names ("Eddie who?" they say with warty humor). While banking is no monopoly (in the sense that competition for new business is very real) the bank chairman do see each other quite frequently. There is an annual industry where they meet (though there were rumors in the Fifites that Gordon Bell and James Blair, then chairman of the Montreal and the Royal, need to get together away from prying eyes at Loughborough overbank union Paris), but the chairman (joining to the same club, move in similar circles and meet every four months most formally as a group with Bank of Canada Governor Louis Riddensky).

One joint enterprise of the banks is their charitable donations. They all are one another what field requests they'll honor. The Royal, Montreal and Commerce will each usually contribute 1% of the target figure of such national campaigns in hospitals and universities, with the Nova Scotia and the Toronto-Dominion giving approximately 6% and the smaller banks a pro rata amount. Beyond most other businessmen want to know how much the banks are giving before commencing themselves. Capital companies can succeed or fail according to the bankers' initial reaction.

The banking industry's official co-ordinating organization is the Canadian Bankers' Association with headquarters in downtown Toronto. The CBA also lobbies on behalf of the banks with the federal government. It is considerably aided in these activities by having as its executive director J. Harvey Perry, who was a senior official in the Finance Department between 1916 and 1945 (along with Mitchell Sharp, Louis Riddensky and Bob Brown) and knows his very very well about Ottawa's corridors of power.

Any banking system has four main functions: keeping safe the funds entrusted to it; facilitating commerce by making loans available at the appropriate amount through lines of credit; transmitting the central bank's credit influence; and using its prestige and financial resources in a creative way

to serve the national interest. On the first three counts, Canada's bankers get top marks even from their critics. In the making of dramatic decisions based on even a hint of economic sense, the bankers simply opt out of any involvement. After all, they say, we hold in trust the savings of millions of people and can't play fast and loose with their money. Take loans in hard currency that will pollute the environment, for example. "It is not the responsibility of the banks to set its judgment on these matters," says Arnold Hart, the Bank of Montreal's chairman. "This is a government responsibility, or something for the courts. Now if the government says we should not lead to a certain industry because they are going to pollute the atmosphere, we might disagree thoroughly, but we would have to abide by the edict. It's not up to us to make such decisions." Neil McKinnon, chairman of the Commerce, concurs. "We decide who is worthy of credit and who is not," he says. "That is the basis of our decision. We cannot make political judgments."

With a few exceptions, the senior bankers take a similar approach to the issue of foreign domination of the Canadian economy. Very often the

best credit risk is the subsidiary of a U.S. corporation, which has the assets of its parent company to fall back on, while the independent Canadian operates from behind disconnected assets. "The banks," claims Max Schreier, financial chief of the federal NDP, "have been one of the chief contributors to the foreign take-over of the Canadian economy because they're more willing, in many cases, to give money to American-owned firms than they are to Canadians."

"When we had money to a subsidiary of a U.S. or foreign corporation," says R. M. Macdonald of the Nova Scotia, "I don't know whether it is appropriate for us to make a decision based on our judgment of what the public interest or the national interest is. But I would have no objection to the national interest being defined and working within it."

Surprisingly enough, Walter Gordon, the past prime minister of the nationalization, agrees with this view. "Banks can't be expected to have conscience, social or otherwise, when it comes to making loans," he says. "You can't expect the banks to do anything when they're clear-cutly decisive from Ottawa. It's perfectly

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INTERNATIONAL OPERATIONS

HAVE MONEY WILL TRAVEL



The banks are Canada's most important and fastest-growing multi-national corporations. While domestic assets of the Canadian banking system stood at \$716 billion the next year, Royal Bank alone (currently at \$141 billion) jumped 1979. With 130 full-scale branches and 4,500 sales abroad, Canada is now ranked third among international banks as countries, just after the U.S. and Britain.

So of the night banks have against and most have subsidiary head companies in New York, where they account for about a third of the call loans issued to Wall Street stockbrokers. They operate 27 offices in California and one office throughout the Caribbean. The most significant growth area at the moment is Asia, where the big five maintain 10 offices, plus 100 smaller, a substantial participation in capital markets overseas.

The Royal's most prominent venture abroad is the recent formation of the

Great banking group in which it joined with the Citicorp (the second largest U.S. bank), the National Westminster (the fourth-largest British bank) and the Westlake London (Canada's largest) as one of the most powerful alliances of banking interests ever formed.

The Royal of Montreal is one of four equal partners in an Australian insurance bank (the Australian International Finance Corporation). The Toronto-Dominion is heavily committed in Asia and is part of the huge London-based Midland International Bank Ltd. With six other banks around the world, the National Westminster United International Bank Limited, which makes no loan of less than one million dollars. The Nova Scotia has more of its assets in the United States than in Canada. It recently persuaded a Canadian bank to move its bar on one of the city's best corners to install a BNS branch.

understandable that the banks are looking to the safest risks. For one thing, making a large loan to an American-owned company costs a lot less in overhead than making 20 smaller loans to 20 Canadian companies. So, as well as low risk there is less cost for the banks. Still, I think it's wrong that the money put up by individual Canadians, in the form of their savings, should be used by American firms to buy out Canadian enterprises."

Max Saltzman of the NIDP criticizes the bankers for maintaining that they're protecting good citizenship merely because they pay income tax, but he agrees that if one bank chairman suddenly developed a social conscience his bank would go broke while his competitors stood by laughing.

The chief contrast exposed on the banks comes through the recent passage of Louis Kiewit's bill, the Bank of Canada's governor for the past decade. He meets with the bank chairman three times a year, gently but firmly (using the edicts that implement this country's monetary policies, as opposed to federal fiscal policies which are largely set by the Finance Department) Kiewit's seldom hands out marching orders, preferring to

discuss priorities ("Are you doing enough about mortgage loans for housing?" "How about getting more credit into some of the underdeveloped regions?" "Don't you think that your advertising campaign is driving consumer credit too high?") Among themselves the bankers refer to the process as "imposed reason, but they regard the governor's every worded hint as law. "We are uniquely sensitive to the wishes of the governor," says Fred McNeil, the Bank of Montreal's executive vice-president. "Over the years he almost makes his suggestions and we sometimes almost disagree about them, but when he says, 'Gee, Henry, I think we ought to do it this way' — we do it."

"The weakness of the banks," says Max Saltzman, "derives from the fact that they are virtually an extension of government policy, as long as they follow it, they can't fail. They are almost inseparable from government activity, not only in terms of carrying out monetary directives but because so much of their deposit-taking powers are at the discretion of Ottawa. At the same time, the banks are completely and absolutely dependent on the goodwill of governments, because their power rests on the recog-

nition that they are granted, whereas that is the equivalent of a license to print money."

Notwithstanding, the banks were for years a top priority item in the CCF-NDP platform, and whenever the bankers came up before a parliamentary committee they resented the subject to be raised. "Last time," says Saltzman, "I decided to have some fun. I knew they were waiting for me, so the NDP's spokesman on banking, to come out for antagonism, and you could tell by the marks of papers when I got up to speak that they were ready. So I told them I wouldn't disagree with them but not make a statement along those lines, and there was some polite laughter. But then I said:

"Rather than my making a statement that you might think outrageous, let's be reasonable today; you tell me why banks shouldn't be nationalized. Well, that seemed to throw them right off, because their answers weren't oriented that way, so they started saying things like 'You're asking us to say, stop treating your wife,' and stuff like that, but they never answered my question in a satisfactory way."

The younger bankers, particularly the university ones beginning to move up through the system, are aware that basic reform is required if nationalization in some form is to be avoided. They worry about the fact that many generalists' accountability now seems largely limited to returning an adequate profit to shareholders and they feel the banking system must become much more creative and responsive to the society in which it operates. "We can do better," says André Bessis, the impressive young former dean of Laval University's School of Business Administration who was recently named to head the Bank of Nova Scotia's operations in Quebec. "We must do better. I predict this Canadian banking will change more in the next 10 years than it changed in the past 150 and change more than any other industry I know. For one thing, a completely new breed of people will be taking over at the top. Also, as businessmen and company men take hold, more of the clerical jobs will be eliminated or reduced and the mixing of the local bank branch will become a kind of financial consultant, with a staff of experts, who can advise his customers on every financial aspect of their lives. Banks will become more important for the branch than for the money they represent. If we don't wake up to these new trends and improve both our accountability and social responsibility, we're not that far away from vastly increased government controls." ■

One up for Cable TV

Reading Heather Robertson's television column (February), I was reminded of the television family who has some insight into cable TV. I've been working with a number of cable operators for the last year and I'm getting sick of the criticism we get from professional opinionists. They see the television langes and local group shows that every system carries and on the basis of that take an overly harsh view of the whole of community television. In working with cable systems, I've found that the ones that involve the community in every aspect of programming both in front of and behind the camera, are the ones that produce the best kind of community television. For 17 years old I tried to get into radio, and found that nobody would train me or give me an opportunity to learn. Now, with the help of the cable company, for which I work, I'm going to be able to produce television programs for a credit course I'm taking in high school. The professional broadcasters may laugh, and the critics may laugh, but community TV is doing a lot more good than anyone gives it credit for.

NELA JOHANSSON, TORONTO

The Gourlay Game

In connection with Donald Cameron's book column in December, may I correct a few misconceptions about the career of Robert Gourlay whose biography, *Robert Gourlay, Godly?* I have just published? Robert Gourlay did not call the people of Upper Canada to convene a people's assembly. Such an assembly had been provided by the Constitutional Act of 1791, but it was being prevented from functioning by proffering two years in a row. The issue was the control of the public purse. Nor was Robert Gourlay banished on a charge of sedition. He was twice acquitted of that charge. No jury of independent men would convict him for saying what they knew was the truth about certain aspects of government policy. He was banished for not leaving the country when ordered by two appointed commissioners, under a quibbling misrepresentation of the Sedition Act of 1804. If he obeyed the order, as mine, he said, would be safe from similar persecution in Upper Canada. But if Claitmore's review attests a little in fact, he caught the spirit of the Godly. "Gourlay passes to Baldwin. Do we shoot? Do we noose?"

LOIS DARRICH MILNE, WILLOWDALE, ONT. ■





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TELEVISION

BY
HEATHER ROBERTSON

Before coming to *The Whiskers Of Jahn*, producer John Turturro did a soap opera for NBC called *Murphy's Law*. *Truck Stop* opera has a very distinctive and popular style. It is the style of John Turturro. John is not only *The Edge Of Night* in period costume but, we are told, the greatest dramatic series Canadian television has ever produced. Such a claim exposes us to international humiliation and, back home, raises a lot of very awkward questions.

Canadians have been tolerant of CBC drama, loudly applauding the good ones, like *Wagon*, and suffering silently through the bad ones. In the past, parties hated them, however useless and pedestrian they were, they were "quality" and, like cock-herd art, good for us. There was nobility about it too, anyone who didn't like *Frasier* was assumed to be a dud and a blemish, one of those people who complain publicly about quality language and here breeds. Anyone who mentioned that (mostly Conservative MPs from the Politics) was quickly dashed.

Jahn challenges that tolerance. It is the *Titanic* of television drama. Its 13 episodes have cost two million dollars, it was produced not primarily for local newspapers but as a money-making pipeline within which would turn a profit for the CBC and catapult us into the big leagues. On 8th night the resources and reputation of Canadian broadcasting *Jahn* is an incredibly reckless gamble which, at the moment, has all the aspects of the South Sea Bubble. *Jahn* may be sold — perhaps to the Japanese, who love an inevitable spectacle for North American teleblock — and it may make money. It may even be popular and will probably command a visible audience of *Mao de la Roche* and *Hartman* (remember him in Canada. But it will never be good, and great popularity might, in the long run, be worse than no sales at all.

Jahn carries all the currents of the afternoon sub shows except the organ music. It is full of those familiar long, pregnant pauses, fearful interludes and significant glances. It is utterly *Goodbye* and *Antennae*. Emotional content is tied together by a script that goes nowhere, repeats itself and states only the obvious. There is little discernible plot. The acting is wooden, the characters flat. *Jahn* is a visual and verbal cliché with that appalling, relentless predictability which gives soap opera its most treacherous quality.

An attempt has been made to disguise *Jahn* as a movie with picturesque visual effects and a cast of thousands. It is here that the money was spent. As a film, however, *Jahn* is pathetically amateurish and pedestrian. The camera seems to be in the wrong place at the wrong time — too alien as people's search. The pace is sluggish, the acting off. The more expensive scenes were the least successful. They would have been better off or eliminated along with all the

unnecessary actors who make *Jahn* look like a water works project. *Jahn* is basically so unsuccessful that it takes on a chaotic life of its own, like a monster in a horror movie that consumes everything in its path. Many scenes, pointless in themselves, seem to have been filmed for the sole purpose of filling up time. All the teary back and forth between 1914, 1954 and 1971 creates nothing confusing. Who are all these people? What year is it? Where is *Jahn*? And what, in God's name, is going on? *Jahn* leaves me with the impression it was put together with pieces from the cutting-room floor and the real film is actually somewhere else. It demands a commitment from the audience it cannot fulfil. It's a bore.

Of course, *Jahn* is not really drama but big business. If it succeeds abroad, it will probably be the first in a whole series of similar CBC productions. Canada will become renowned for penny-dreadful ethnic epics, as the Japanese are renowned for transistor radios and the Danes for pornography. If it does not succeed abroad — and so far as they sit in their bar, we seem to have stuck the place out — someone seems to find out why it was ever undertaken in the first place.

Apparently, an ideological commitment was made to go ahead with *Jahn* regardless of cost, actors or foreign markets. The money, assigned at a time the rest of the CBC was enduring severe austerity, was spent on a pig in a poke. The financial problems have emerged long before filming was well begun, the problems with script, actors and direction must have been made at the same time. Since a lot of important decisions — including possibly one to stop production — were not made, one has to assume that *Jahn*'s faults are not accidental but deliberate.

It is a trademark of backward and colonial prairie to be always jumping on bandwagons that have just gone by. They play a game of one-upmanship which they are doomed to lose. They are forever undisciplined, provincial and ridiculous. *Jahn* is a blatant and embarrassing attempt to imitate the success of *The Foreigner* and *Murphy's Law*. It indicates an increasing tendency in the CBC to opt for whatever is currently popular, hip or cool — the slick and easy thing. Because it cannot bring it off, *Jahn*, with typical *success* niche vulgarity, tries to buy quality with financial extravagance. It is relentlessly shorty, brazenly irresponsible and scandalous. Judy LaMarsh called it rotten management. So do I.

To justify charges of imitation, the CBC is looking *Jahn* as a "Canadian" program, the producers want to give pride to have Canadian actors even if they couldn't find good ones and mislead the ones they had. Unhappily for the PR suits, *Jahn* doesn't look very Canadian. There is a myth going around that *Frasier* and *Edna* were wildly popular because they were just down. They weren't, people liked them because they conformed to everybody's stereotype of English people. Everybody's stereotype about Canada is not *The Whiskers Of Jahn* (which some Canadians think is a dramatic series about trees) but *Mounties*, *Indian* bears and *Protestant* *Canadian* *lumberjacks*. I have a funny feeling the CBC could have sold a 13-week series about *White Fang* or *King of the Royal Mounted* a lot better than it's going to sell *Jahn*. And it would have been more fun. ■

Heather Robertson is a Winnipeg free-lance writer and broadcaster.



Jahn's Paul Harding



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FILMS BY JOHN HOFESS

Walt Disney's *Fantasia* looks ahead as timeless a movie as *Lawrence of Arabia*. It was released in 1940. For 30 years it was the last perfect all-Disney film. Then the young, having no way of getting started, began using *Fantasia* to trip wit. It became a fad. Since 1970 *Fantasia* has made two million dollars.

When we entered the theatre where I work in downtown Hamilton after a day of *Fantasia*, the men's washroom yielded three spoons, one toilet hypodermic needle and splashes of dried blood. The waiters left their bags and tubes in the orchestra. Others of the post-Woodstock generation flanked their lit cigarettes from the balcony onto people sitting below. It isn't uncommon — ever when the film is less "trippy" and shockingly fashionable — to see kids at the candy bar, looking happily demoralized, scarcely able to walk, swaying back and forth in a daze, fascinated by the milkshake packages. If a Cray Cray wrapper at Serrano's bar turns them on, what wonder they like *Fantasia*.

It is this type of Canadian youth that Allan King's *Come On Children* depicts. After interviewing nearly 300 young people, he hired 16 of them (between the ages of 14 and 20) at \$100 a week for 10 weeks, and moved them to a farm near Newmarket, Ontario, where he and cameraman Bill Mayne filmed their activities. They brought their own food and lived as they pleased.

Alley through the film, the camera pans across the farmhouse kitchen. There are bottles of cream soda pop with cigarette buds in them. Crows of bread are scattered across the floor. Processed cheese slices have become inedible and burnt. Canned goods have been opened, held, used and left rotting for days. There are sticky pots of jam and peanut butter in the wildest places. Once frozen pizzas have turned soggy and moldy. Milk is turning sour. Dirty dishes and pots are everywhere. It's the sort of household where police are called "pejs."

The external mess is matched by a psychological one. Kenny is 20, the oldest of the group. He's fathered a child (named Ruffin) and abandoned his son along with the mother, who is now on welfare — a miserable girl he refuses to only with contempt. Now he sleeps with Sharon and sobbing with the word "love" presses between them. She became a mother shortly after arriving at the farm. She didn't want a child, but there it is. It is one form of it that's got it in a foster home.

Nearly minutes past. Not once do you hear a new or different idea. These kids aren't the originators of anything. They wear their many hair, and-neck clothes and universal attitudes like an ill-fitting costume made for the darkness of their adolescence. They tell you they live in it because they live in despair. But they live in such an uncreative, unimaginative way as only to confirm their desperation. It is Allan

King's special strength as a documentary film maker that he explores a subject without exploiting it. The film shows a clear awareness of the difference between sentimentality and compassion. Watching *Come On Children* is like attending the last rites of the hippie lifestyle; it amounts to taps for the generation that spent its youth passionately, with interested profanity, and that decade adulthood as a drunk dose a hangover.

Teenagers in the Fifties were spared the embarrassment of being in a daylight. Government commissions didn't study them. Manufacturers didn't cater to them. Film and record companies didn't pander to them. They had no Woodcock. They had no Altamont. If you don't fly high, you never crash. It would be reasonable for a Fifties film to claim that getting smashed was a "religious experience" the way that LSD prodigies did a few years ago. The young of the Sixties were more pretensions and melodramas. They put on wet wings and flew straight for the sun. They are now everywhere in tolerant despair, nursing their wounds and casting their doubts.

Near the end of *Come On Children* the kids have a parade day. An awkward "parade" scene occurs with everyone speaking lines that seem borrowed from an old television series. The kids are gloriously silly. Their characteristic posture is an arrogant slouch. The parents are sub-seachers. "Where did we go wrong?" After they have gone, someone shouts, "Are these our parents left?" and everyone is silent about "No." Let's get straight: the film has led about again, and everyone cheers. You look at the parents and you realize that it would take far more successful people than these to create good home environments. You look at the kids and you realize they aren't going to make it either.

For them, broken costumes of despairing every form of authority but never being critical (perhaps not even being conscious) of the tyranny of their own peer group. Which may well be the most common of all symptoms.

In *Come On Children* Allan King has made a moving, unflinchingly film of comparable importance to his famous *Wavevaner*. That is beginning to settle now on the Statue, but this film will be one of the terrible documents. It was expected of teenagers in the Fifties that being young they would be foolish, but good in ways that maturity could be forgotten. Young people of the Sixties were born on being a conscious generation. They wore their hearts and sensuous on their faces. So it is fitting that *Come On Children* should be their tombstone.

Recommend: The Hospital will leave you in stitches. The screenplay by Paddy Chappery, who has been better days in *Marty*, *The Godfather* and *The Barber Shop*, is only slightly funny, but George C. Scott and Dennis Rigg are a delightful comedy team. Where the author's inspiration fails (or, when pressing a social problem, merely fails) their own sense of good taste and comic timing prevails to cure whatever ails the screen script. Scott's performance is one of his best. He seems to realize that he alone can carry the film and derives great satisfaction in doing just that. Like Garbo, Scott seems to prefer mediocre screenplays so that his performance in a film is often its only saving grace. ■

John Nelson is a professional Canadian film director.

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MUSIC

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

When I first emigrated to Canada from Europe in the early Forties I used to put myself to sleep listening to the Edison catalogue radio I got for my eleventh birthday, and it turned out to be one of the most important formative influences of my life. I couldn't speak English then, but I listened up to the earliest CBC documentaries about Canada and turned into a loving Canadian nationalist in the process.

And late at night, long after my parents thought I was asleep, lying there with the radio tuned right down (its dial light shined so there'd be no little glow) I heard into Africa, into exiled worlds. The midnight sessions were filled with exotic gabfests from half-dozen all across North America where the big bands were swinging high, and it was their music that first opened the way for me into the culture of the continent to which I'd so haphazardly and luckily come. When I finally fell asleep after three or four hours of CBC documentaries and the big bands, I would dream about Sir John A. Macdonald, George Miller, George Drew, Torrey Dunaway, Maclean's King and

MUSIC WITH THE INNER AUTHORITY OF ART

Charles Barzani, somehow sure that this would always be my country and my music. And then one night in the late summer of 1941, I picked up a Mutual Broadcasting Company cassette from the Bradenstone Ballrooms in Balboa Beach, California, and heard Stan Kenton for the first time. The music came pouring out of my little radio like a hailstorm. There was the brass section, blowing Benjy and Rudy favorites as if it were suspended 10 feet above the rest of the band, counterpointed by the lyrics of the saxophones, peeling from underneath. The sound engulfed me with its fury, its sense of shared bewilderment, its acute beauty, the vibrant cutting into the state of my mind in dissonant cadences, the roars shearing into the wind. Right there and then began my obsession with Kenton's music. I have performed it, studied it and played it ever since. I had tapes of it along with me during those incredible train rides of the DeForest campers; I listened to it when I was repeating the busload defense situation outlined in *Twilight* along the coast, and even when I feel myself besieged by visiting U.S. journalists trying to find out what Canadian nationalism is all about, I never completely turn down my office phonograph, hoping that one of my American visitors will share my passion. Not one of them has though. I think I detect as they retreat, as they tries to say Yankee music, that we nationalists might just be a bunch of systematic embezzlers after all. I have every one of Kenton's 92 albums which encompass just about all the tempos known to man, including belly-dancer Egyptian, pasodoble to utterly 18th-century Spanish dance, fugues, symphonies and Christmas carols. Most of Kenton's orchestra have combined the brooding polytonal inventions of Bartok, Stravinsky and Ravel with Afro-Cuban rhythms

and the intricate harmonies of the great French modernists, Darius Milhaud. (Kenton once recorded most of Richard Wagner's *Lohengrin*, but it's a puzzling version of the opera, but as it would have sounded had Wagner scored it for the Kenton orchestra.) It's a tribute to his integrity as a musician that Kenton managed to move deeper into nonclassical impressionism without ever losing his feeling for jazz as a hot, emotional, get-off music. Kenton plays piano, but the orchestra has always been his real instrument and he has used it like a playwright with his own versatile stock company to extend his reach and develop the versatility of his art.

All of this sounds as if Kenton and his ensembles were just of some nostalgic mix kept alive by a few grown-up kids with long memories like myself. But once nostalgia isn't what it used to be, Kenton now is so much more exciting than he was in the Forties. But when you hear him he knows those days and those bands right out of your mind. For the past two years, Kenton has been on the road with 19 ensembles, cross-countrying the U.S. (with occasional side trips to Canada) and Europe. This is a road band, any and from, much looser than his past aggregations. The multiple brass clusters, the sort of vocal colors, the meticulous ensemble work (stepped off or added arrangements that would like pages torn out of a *Debussy* record) combine to produce not so much a reversion of sounds past as a revolution of music's future.

Two of Kenton's recent university ensembles have been issued on his private label (available in Canada through the Coca-Cola and Blue Record Centre, 715 Yonge Street, Toronto) and they represent, quite simply, the best big-band jazz ever recorded. The most interesting tracks are the work of arranger Hank Levy where *Chikara: A Soul Revival* and *Heck's Operator* (written in alternating 7/4 and 14/8 time) have the band swinging in full-throated, never-hammy, rock-jazz modes in *There Rains Day* and even *Love Story* comes on with a gripping, retrospective quality, tingling and sedulous in the fuggage they stir. Ken Hama's *A Roundabout Twinkle De Vile* *Faveller* is a rite dance that evokes a sense of decay, the smell of late-summer mushrooms. Ken Webb's *MacArthur Park* turns out to be a symphonic fusion of rock and jazz. Willie Mays's *Kalifornia* has a ranchwestern beat all of its own.

Stan Kenton

With this band Kenton seems to be defying the inevitable erosion of my juvenile fondness, defying time itself. When he comes on stage to lead one of his ensembles, someone replaces nostalgia (Never mind being young again: it's just good to be alive.) In his late middle age, Stan Kenton is determined not to be an anachronism as a musical time he helped to create. He is a man in command of his wealth, playing his craft with dignity and flair. He leech his band from a half-dozen of his past bands. There's a rumbling blast from the 10-man brass section and he turns them off with a twist of the elbow, a saxophone player blows a climber and Kenton's head withdraws like a turtle's in neck, forward between his shoulders. He gives a downbeat the long slender fingers of his hand cutting the air like a steel knife. He settles. Slouches over the piano, watching his cues, looking from his left, playing once more to his audience the official last track: this is not just a big band, not just jazz but eternal music with the great music authority of a work of art. ■

Peter C. Newman is editor of *Maclean's*.



The Peppermint Martini.

Somebody once said, "If the perfect martini is ever created, it won't be a martini." Contradictory as that sounds, he had a point.

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vermouth? We haven't found it yet, but we think we've come close. Peppermint Schnapple! (Blow.) It freshens the palate, makes a well-chilled drink seem even colder and tastes as briskly explosive on the tongue as it looks going down.

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